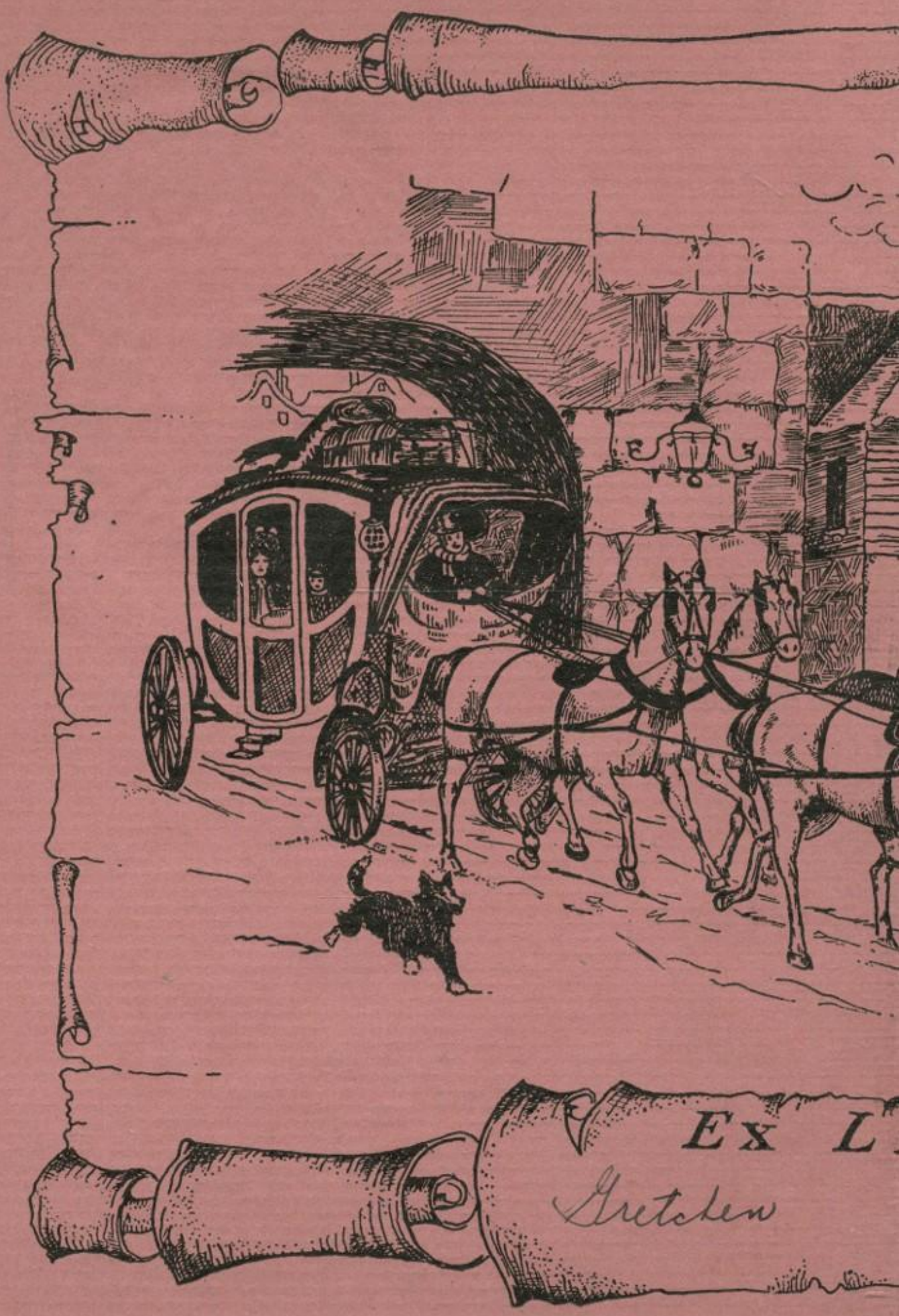
1929

Saint Rose



Ex L

Gretchen

bris
Graham Lins

THE
Gold and White

YEAR BOOK

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

ST. ROSE ACADEMY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

1929

To the

ST. ROSE ALUMNAE

in appreciation of its loyal support in the work of our school this Year Book is gratefully dedicated

Classes

OUR grandmothers of long ago
Stayed home and learned to cook and sew.
But we today pass those things by,
In business now our hands we try.

Our skirts are short, while theirs were long
For them we wouldn't trade a song.
Our gait is fast while theirs was slow
But inside are we different? No.

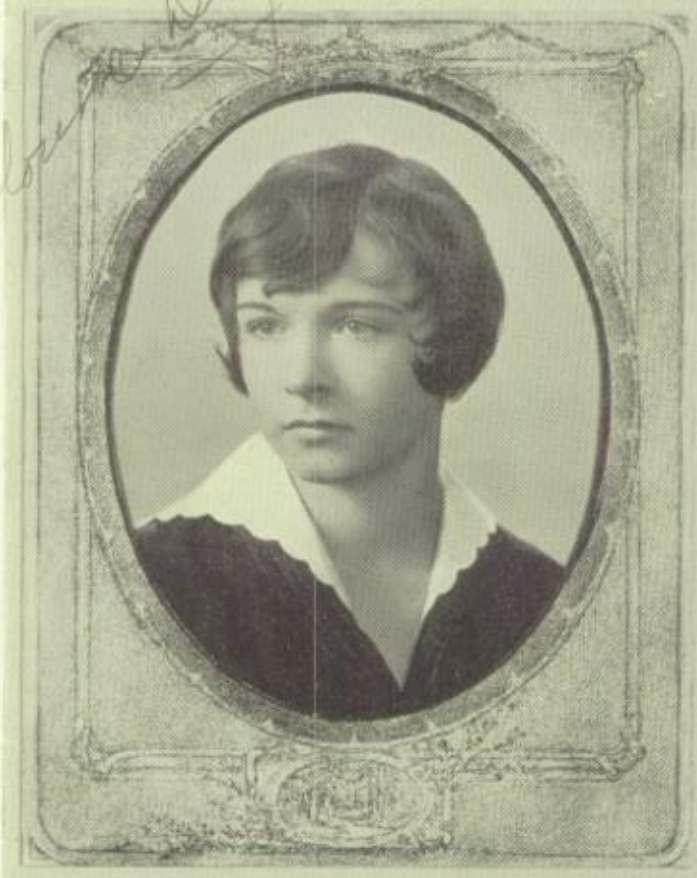
MARGOT LORENZEN.

CONSUELO MARIE ALBEDI
LILLIAN ROSEMARIE ARATA

GEORGIA ANNE ALEGRETTI
LENORE MARIE ARIAS

ELENA LOUISE BACCIOCCO
MARGARET MARY CASASSA

MARY AGNES CAREW
MARY DOROTHEA CAVA



MARY ELEANOR COLLINS
FLORENCE MARY DALY

MARJORIE ELLA CRUMMEY
MICHAELA LORETTA DRISCOLL

FRANCES GENEVIEVE DUNN
GERTRUDE ROSE FITZPATRICK

BARBARA JANE FILMER
ELLEN CHARLOTTE GEIDE

MARGARET RAMONA GIBBONS

MARY ELEANOR HART

ELIZABETH ANN HENNE

BERNICE CARMEL HOLMES

ANN VICTORINE HURABIELLE
ALICE ALVINA KELLY

KIRA SERGE' ISERGUIN
AGNES CLAIRE KENNEY

GENEVIEVE ROSE LAGOMARSINO
MARY BARBARA LINS

KATHERINE ANN LANE
GRETCHEN GRAHAM LINS

Latsa love for Gretchen
from Neva

Love Margot

Always Ellen

NEVA THERESA LONGATTI
JEAN CHRISTINE MARKWART

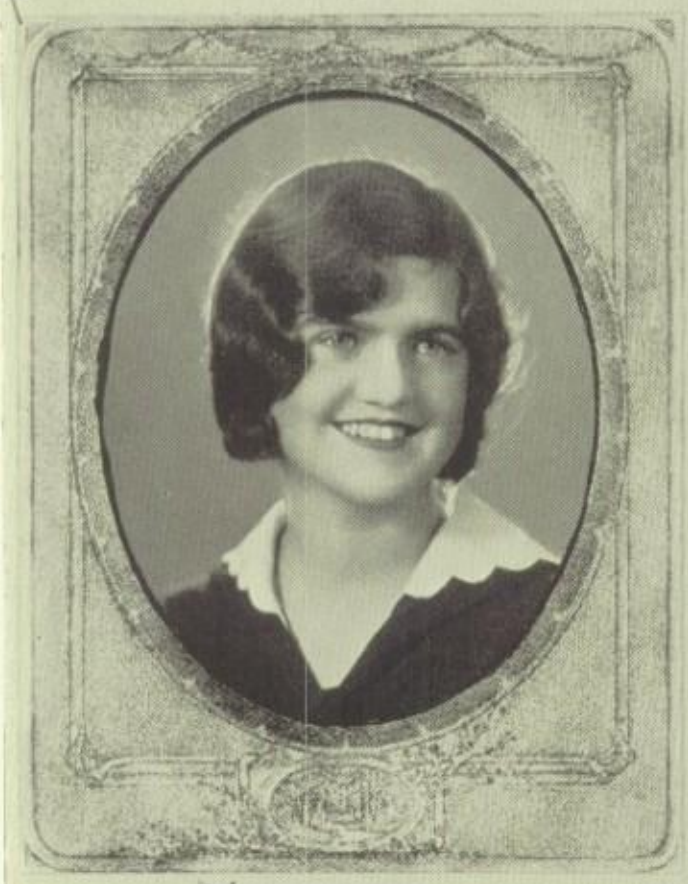
MARGOT CECILE LORENZEN
ELLEN MARIE MARTIN

ROSARIA ELIZABETH MCCAULEY
MARY ELIZABETH MERSCHEN

KATHERINE MARIE MCCORMICK
LORRAINE MARGARET MILLER

FRANCES ANN MILLS
DOROTHY MARIE MULLANEY

MARGARET ELOISE MOUNT
MARY BERNICE O'CONNELL



GRACE CECILIA O'CONNOR
DOROTHY ESTHER PROST

CATHERINE MARIE PARKINSON
ELVIRA DOLORES ROSASCO

ESPERANZA ANTONIETA RUELAS
MARIE BARBARA SPEZIA

SARA ELIZABETH SILVA
ELIZABETH ZETA STEVENSON

ANNETTE JOANNE VLAUTIN

ELEANOR MARIE WILSON

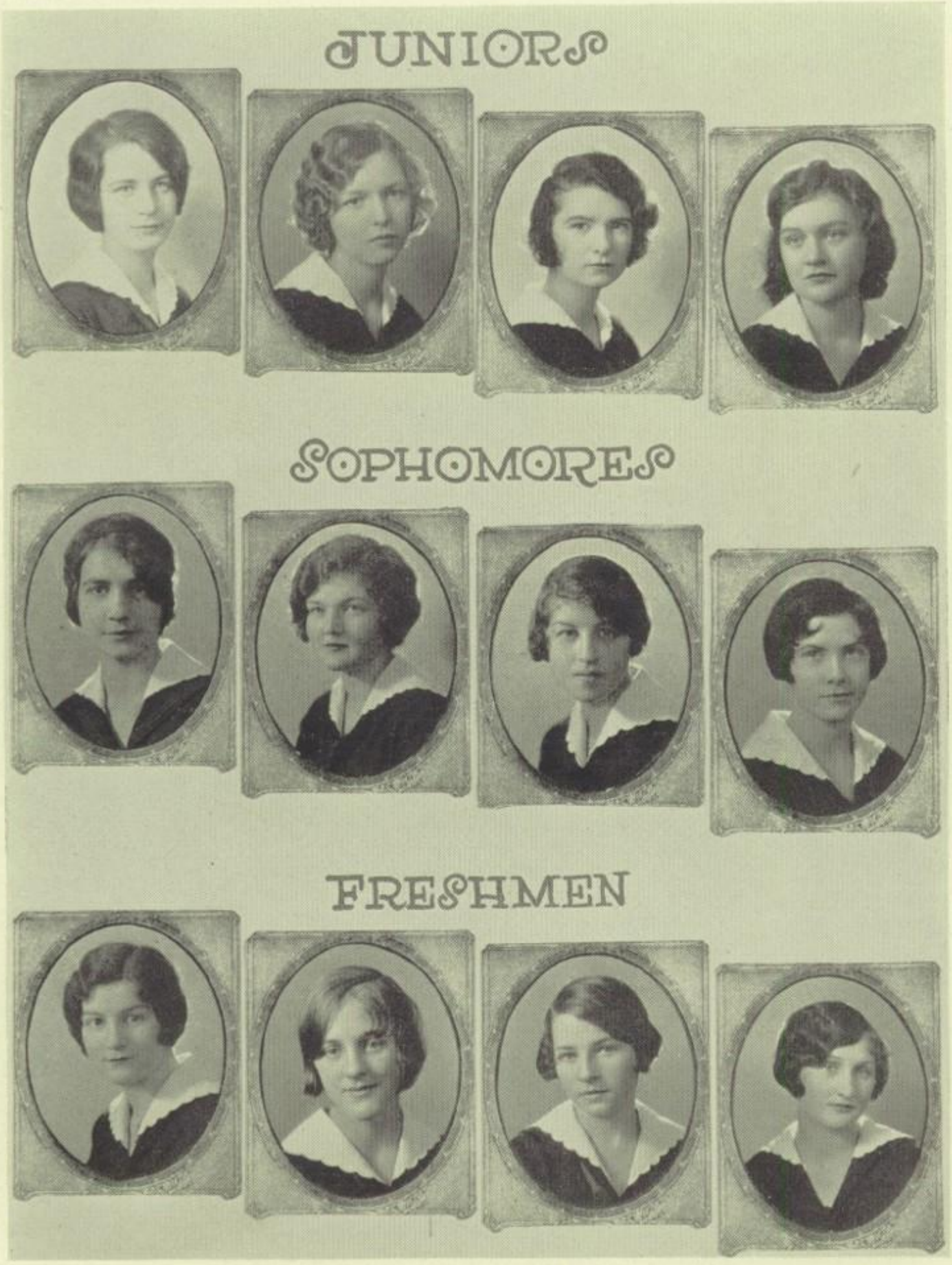
Senior Class Officers

MARGOT LORENZEN, *President*

MARY LINS, *Vice-President*

DOROTHY MULLANEY, *Treasurer*

MARGARET MOUNT, *Secretary*



MARGARET MARSH *President*	DOROTHY HARTNETT *Vice President*	FRANCES FUTSCHER *Secretary*	OLLIE WATTS *Treasurer*
MADELINE COLLINS *President*	CORLISS NOLAN *Vice President*	FRANCES LEMMELET *Secretary*	PATSY NOWLAND *Treasurer*
LYDIA WATTS *President*	JOSEPHINE ORTNER *Vice President*	ALBERTA MARSH *Secretary*	MARGARET MULLANEY *Treasurer*

A Junior's Reverie

I had finished my day's assignment—
Three hours of steady work,
And I gazed at the books on the table,
Let my thoughts with memory lurk.

I first saw a class of Freshmen,
Half timidly entering school,
Clear eyed and filled with ambition
To learn every task and rule.

Algebra, Latin and English,
History, religion and gym,
These were the giants that met them
And made them work hard to win.

Out of the dust of the battle
Emerged the brave Sophomores,
Who murmured their "tasks would be lighter,
Had Cæsar been less fond of wars."

Geometry tripped the unwary,
Verbs Spanish, French, Latin were rude,
But the Sophomores worked all the harder
To conquer all subjects they could.

They vanished, and out of the mist
The Junior class appeared,
The faces of all my classmates,
By time and friendship endeared.

And I thought of the three years' endeavor,
Along High School's lion-strewn road,
Of the Sisters who led us to knowledge,
And helped ease the weight of the load.

Oh the Sophomores, Freshmen and Juniors,
Owe a deep debt of love to Saint Rose,
As they travel along with courage and song
Toward the goal that each pupil's heart knows.

BETTY LAUGHLIN.

Alumnae

DEAR little lady of long ago
Knocks at our hearts with tap so low,
Smiles at our bravery, laughs at our whims,
Clings to our memory, ever so dim.

We are your children, we love you, too.
Stay with us always as life we go through.
Steady us often, tossed to and fro,
Dear little lady of long ago.

BERNICE O'CONNELL.

Alumnae

Doris Farrell

Officers in the Alumnae for 1929 are

President	Doris Farrell
Vice President	Katherine Newell
Corresponding Secretary	Consuelo Girardin
Recording Secretary	Mrs. J. W. Paynter
Treasurer	Katherine McAuliffe

Members of the classes of '27-'28 who are attending Dominican College are:

Bernice Bannon
Barbara Deneby
Elizabeth Barry
Eleanor Wilkinson
Nora Beronio
Mary McCarthy
Lillian Veidermann
Serena McCarthy
Carmel Saunders
Florence Sherry

The following girls, members of the last three graduating classes, are at the University of California:

Marie Creedon
Claire Mackall
Jessie Boeken
Blanche Egan
Eleanor Ward
Grace Nelson
Rose Swords
Betty Ward
Marian Larkins

At State Teachers' College are:

Bernice Thompson '26
Victorine Murphy '26
Vivian Walsh '27
Florence Pometta '27
Kathleen O'Farrell '27
Mary Butler '28

Virginia Bayly and Margaret Kerr, of the class of '26, have graduated from San Mateo Junior College.

Helen Lynch '28 is at Marin Junior College.

Studying at San Mateo Junior College are:

Linda Arata '27
Madeline Fahs '27
Lucille Peterson '28

Catherine Geis and Carolyn Snyder are continuing their studies at the University of Washington.

Esther Beardsley, '27, and Edna Powers, '27, have joined the Dominican Order—the former as Sister Mary Anselm, the latter as Sister Mary Maurice.

Helen Sinnott is continuing with her musical studies; Ruth Labhard, '27, and Ruth Syce, '28, are in training at St. Mary's Hospital.

The following members of the classes of '26, '27 and '28, have entered the business world:

Wilma Barry '26
Mary Connolly '26
Alice Cronan '26
Edna Foster '26
Patricia McCormick '26
Kathryn Newell '26
Pauline O'Dea '26
Genevieve O'Neill '26
Loretta Knache '27
Marian Redmond '27
Marie Spohn '27
Margaret Spohn '27
Marie Moore '28
Margaret Fenelon '27
Phyllis Beardsley '27
Elizabeth Clancy '27
Marie Downey '27
Florence Doane '27
Berniece Futcher '27
Margaret Gould '27
Winifred Higgins '27
Mary Markey '27
Madeline Walsh '27
Julia Wheeler '27
Virginia Buckley '27
Marian Creedon '28
Lawrine Edwards '27
Kathleen Edwards '27

Marie Rossi '28 is a very successful teacher of dramatics.
Irene Knache is an accomplished star for the City of Paris basketball team..

MARRIAGES

Virginia O'Shea '27, to Mr. Chesley Mills.
Elizabeth Myrick '16, to Mr. Jos. Jones.
Lenore Moses '21, to Mr. Chas. H. Ellis.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Mrs. Frank Gehres, nee Bernice Carlisle '26, has a little daughter.

Mrs. Roddy McNeil, nee Claire Madison '26, has just announced the arrival of her second daughter.

Mrs. Hugh Mausser, nee Kathleen Wilson '26, has a little son.

Mrs. Earle Tiernan, nee Elizabeth Tichenor '26, has a little daughter.

Mrs. Vincent Morabito, nee Virginia Straub '26, has a little daughter.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION HOLDS REUNION

THE Alumnae Association of St. Rose's Academy held its annual bridge tea April 13th at 2 o'clock, in the gold room of the Fairmont Hotel. Miss Loretta Hart was chairman of the committee in charge of the affair. Among those who had tables were:

MESDAMES

Leo Carew
T. Connolly
Richard Costello
Denis J. Dempsey
Charles Ellis
John G. Ewing
F. M. Hefferman
M. J. Hossfeld
Alfred Jaehne
Eugene T. Jones
Joseph A. Jones
James Raleigh Kelly
Edwin A. Madden
Charlotte Moody
Clarence E. Musto
George J. McCarthy
B. A. McNaughton
Cornelius Nestor
Edward F. O'Day
A. Woodman Paynter
Charles Ruggles
F. J. Schmitz Jr.
George F. Snyder
J. A. Sullivan
Philip F. Travers
Albert Unsworth
Van Kempf

MISSES

Margaret Ahern
Bernice Bannan
Margaret Bannan
Myrtle Bannan
Juliette Barieau
Wilma Barry
Genevieve Brady
Marcella Bricca
Safa Conlin
Elma Doyle
Ellie Ewing
Rita Ewing
Doris Farrell
Anna Freel
Alice Gallagher
Therese Gallagher
Consuelo Girardin
Edith Glynn
Elizabeth Gutherie
Filomene Hagan
Bernice Hardy
Loretta Hart
Claire Howard
Vera Howard
Evelyn Hufschmidt
Alice Hughes
Jane Jones
Henrietta Koch
Alice Lagan
D. H. London
Rebecca Mullachy
Claire Murphy
Victorine Murphy
Elizabeth Muzzy
Eleanor McAuliffe
Katherine McAuliffe
Alma McCormick
Catherine Newell
Emma O'Connor
Beatrice Donohue
Florence Pometta

The Class of 1928

Nora Beronio	Dominican College
Helen Brady	At Home
Virginia Buckley	Stenographer
Mary Butler	S. F. State Teachers' College
Ann Casey	Novitiate Maryknoll Sisters, Ossining, N. Y.
Marian Creedon	Stenographer
Catherine Cronin	Saline-Johnstone School
Bernice Donnelly	Saline-Johnstone School
Bernice Dunleavy	Employed at Curran Theatre
Aileen Fitzgerald	Saline-Johnstone School
Fern Gilpin	Munson's
Viola Hickey	At Home
Emma Hughes	Saline-Johnstone School
Alice Hurabielle	Munson's
Helen Lynch	Marin Junior College
Georgeanne Marshall	Post Graduate, St. Rose Academy
Louise Martinelli	Asst. Librarian, Dominican College, San Rafael
Alice McCarthy	Munson's
Mary McCarthy	Dominican College
Serena McCarthy	Dominican College
Marie Moore	Working
Grace Nelson	University of California
Lucille Peterson	San Mateo Junior College
Elizabeth Reddy	At Home
Marie Rossi	Dramatic Teacher
Carmel Saunders	Dominican College
Florence Sherry	Dominican College
Rose Swords	University of California
Ruth Syce	Training at St. Mary's Hospital
Lillian Viedermann	Dominican College
Betty Ward	University of California

Literary

A BIT of silk, a bit of lace
A flowing skirt, a pretty face.

Two folded hands, two downcast eyes
Two slippered feet of dainty size.

Those cheeks of pink, those lips of red
Those auburn curls on that tiny head.

A'sitting there so straight and trim
But in your dreams were you quite so prim?

BERNICE O'CONNELL.

Fire-Fly

By MARGOT LORENZEN

A marshy meadow—a quiet pond,
A lonely road and a hill beyond.
In a muddy marsh below the hill
On moonlit nights when the air is still
Where rushes and reeds grow green and high,
There goes, sparkling, a fire-fly.

We see the gleam of his lantern bright
Flitting about in the quiet night.
He balances on the tall weed tops,
Then to the reeds he quickly drops,
And reeds to the marsh will softly cry,
Here comes, sparkling, a fire-fly.

Love

By BERNICE O'CONNELL

There is a dark and gloomy cloud above
That fills the soul of every man with dread
And hangs an omen upon countless heads.
It casts a shadow on the sweetest love
And battles to o'ercome the peaceful dove.
Beneath its presence have lain thousands, dead,
Drenched in a horrible pool of blood, deep red.
Distrust—suspicion—hate, is it made of.
But through its dismal thickness a light gleams
Sent to the world by some unearthly hand
To comfort those who seek its heavenly beams.
It whispers soft as in its warmth they stand,
"God knows this stage and misses not a scene.
He gives you Love, a light to the promised land."

To a Picture

By GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK

Colonial Lady, pictured on the wall,
Whom I admired when so very small,
Your glamor I no longer feel
Why, you're painted, and I'm real!

A Summer at Shorelake

By MARY BARBARA LINS

IT is almost two summers ago now that the whole affair happened, yet somehow or other Shorelake people have not forgotten, perhaps because they are still curious to find out all the details. If they knew them I believe that the affair would have died a natural death, for what people know to be the truth they never talk about but what they don't know they are always discussing. They will never get Allan to tell and of course Geraldine won't for Allan doesn't want her to, and therefore that leaves only me—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Do you remember that summer when we had that terrible storm and it rained continuously for four days? Everyone hated everyone else when the sun finally did come out, and the only nice thing about the storm was that I won fifteen dollars playing bridge. Well, it was that year that Allan's father, that's my brother Jack, sent Allan to me to keep for the summer. I hadn't seen them since that winter about eleven years ago when I went out west to visit the ranch. Allan was about twelve then, a merry youngster, exactly like his father, with the happy faculty of never being still.

I had been contemplating a quiet summer when I received a letter from Jack. I had no idea what it might contain, for Jack writes me about twice a year and then only tells me that it is either raining or very warm. This was a longer letter than usual and read something like this: "Dear Martha—It seems that every time I write, I have a favor to ask of you. Now if you're going to do anything important this summer don't bother reading the rest of this letter. (Isn't that just like a man, getting your curiosity all worked up? Even if I had been doing anything that summer nothing in the world could have prevented me from reading the rest of his letter, so I continued.) I presume if you are still reading this, you are not going away, so now to the business part of my proposition. Could you possibly take Allan this summer? The fool boy started to ride one of those broncos and hurt his leg quite badly. The doctor says no riding, tennis or dancing, so of course Allan mopes around the house like a wet hen. I think the best thing to do is to send him east. The boy is crazy to go, so if it won't inconvenience you to have him please let me know. Love, Jack."

I telegraphed back: "When Allan's the only nephew I have, why ask foolish questions? Love, Martha."

So that is how Allan came with me to Shorelake that summer.

We arrived Saturday afternoon bag and baggage to find the house all ready and Mammy Lou, housekeeper, cook and everything else combined, standing in the doorway, all smiles and laughter. "Ah's got everythin' ready for you'se, Missus Carrin'ton. You'se jest put your things right here. Ah's ain't goin' have you'se doin' a thing this summer. Is this Masser Allan? Ah's sure glad to see you'se." And with that we found ourselves ushered upstairs.

Shorelake is not like any other summer camp, for it is very conservative and quiet. The same families come year after year and other vacationists are severely discouraged. I was therefore not much surprised when about half an hour later the telephone rang and on answering I heard Geraldine Barret's

merry voice. "Greetings, Mrs. Carrington. I was just getting worried for fear you would not be here for the dance tonight."

"Don't worry," I replied. "I wouldn't miss that for anything and besides I have a surprise for you."

"Male or female?" she cried back. "I bet male. Am I right?"

"Wait and see, you minx." But as I hung up I knew that the summer would be successful, Allan and Jerry together and for me—fishing and peace.

Allan wasn't crazy to go when I told him, but finally he agreed. I almost wished I was young again as I watched him from across the table. He was tall and big, his pleasant smiling face tanned and with the added charm of two mischievous eyes, straight black hair brushed away from his face, a humorous mouth and strong hands. I felt sure Jerry would like him and I knew Allan would like Jerry, for who could resist her? Tall, slight as a boy, black eyes, beaten bronzed hair, pink and white complexion—that's Jerry.

We did not take the car as it was only a few blocks to the Club and as we stepped along together I noticed how well Allan walked. He hardly limped at all. He seemed so well that I realized how hard it must be for a boy as athletic as he to give up swimming, dancing and all the sports of which he was so fond. However the doctor had said that if he was careful the end of the summer should see his leg as well as ever.

It was the first Saturday dance in July and on this night the girls asked the boys to dance. Ever since I can remember this custom has been followed out. One of the girls started it long ago when she said that she didn't think it was fair for the boys always to do the asking. A lot of the others agreed with her, so they daringly, for it was daring then, inaugurated this custom. I thought as we walked along that it would have been better after all if we had not gone, for since Allan could not dance and as yet he didn't know any of the younger set, he would not have a very good time. But I comforted myself with the thought that Jerry would introduce Allan to her crowd and then of course everything would be alright.

When we arrived I could not see Jerry anywhere so I myself was called upon to make all the necessary introductions and I was glad to know that everyone seemed to like Allan. I left him talking with a group of young people and wandered off to find some of my old friends. The evening sped by and as yet I had not seen Jerry. I supposed by this time that she had met Allan and that they were friends, so I set out to look for them.

I went my way totally unconscious of what I was going to see. In a corner of the room, Allan with one hand on a chair was looking down into the upturned, smiling face of Jerry. "Won't you, will you, won't you dance with me?" I heard her coax as I approached. Allan's face flushed a deep red as he replied in a stammering voice, "No, thank—you." Jerry looked at him. Her face became absolutely blank. I think that it was the first time that any boy had ever refused her anything, but rapidly regaining her composure, she turned quickly away. Allan's face was a picture of distress and perplexity. I hurried up and at his request we immediately left. Of course I couldn't say anything about the encounter, but I wondered what would be the outcome of the incident.

The next morning about eleven Jerry wandered over with the announcement that she meant to have lunch with me.

"I didn't see your surprise last night, Mrs. Carrington. Where did you hide him?" she said to me.

"I'll call him now," I laughingly responded. "I do hope you'll like him."

"Oh, don't worry, I'm sure I shall," Jerry answered just as Allan entered.

Jerry stared and Allan stared and they both blushed. I quickly introduced them and left, saying that they would find plenty to talk about while I supervised the preparation of lunch. I came back in about half an hour. Jerry was still in the same chair and Allan was sitting on the steps gazing at the water. Silence reigned between them.

Lunch was painful. I felt like telling those two youngsters to cheer up and forget it all. They were sarcastically polite to each other and as lunch went on I saw my dream of a peaceful vacation vanishing.

The situation continued like this all summer, only matters grew from bad to worse. One of them couldn't do or say anything that the other didn't make some cutting remark. Everyone noticed and wondered what was the matter, for Allan was popular with every one else and Jerry was—well, just Jerry. My cottage has always been camping ground for the younger set, so it was natural that Allan and Jerry should meet every day. They both tried to be polite to each other whenever I was there. I really believe they thought that I didn't know anything was wrong. As a result I didn't get a bit of fishing in, trying to get the two of them settled, for of course Allan was sensitive about his leg and would not explain to Jerry.

One evening I announced at dinner that I intended going in the morning to Cochislo Cave for some fly-fishing and that if Allan wanted, he might come along.

"Fly-fishing? I should say I do," he answered. "What kind do you use here?" And with that we were off on a long discussion on the merits of the different flies.

About ten that night the phone rang and when I answered, Mrs. Barret spoke from the other end, "Mrs. Carrington?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Would you mind if Jerry spent tomorrow with you? I have to go in to town and I won't be back until the next day. I don't like to leave her alone with the servants and it is impossible to take her with me."

"Surely. Send her over, but tell her to be prepared to go fishing for we're going to Cochislo Cave," I answered, but I saw my pleasant day vanishing as I realized that Allan had promised to go too.

Jerry came over early the next morning, looking adorably pretty in a dark green dress. It was new and not at all suitable for fly-fishing. The day certainly started off auspiciously.

The fishing was wonderful. I had never had such good luck. We stopped about one and ate our lunch. Jerry insisted on cooking the fish. Jerry can cook if she can do nothing else and even Allan admitted that the golden-brown trout were delicious. After we had cleared up, I decided to rest a while. Allan announced that he was going to read and Jerry said she was going in for a swim.

"I wouldn't if I were you," Allan answered sharply. "I noticed the current was pretty swift here as I was rowing this morning. You had better not go in. Here's a book, read it." And he tossed it to her.

Jerry picked up the volume and tossed it back. "I said I was going in for a swim. Whoever heard of anyone reading on a picnic—anyone, except an old fossil?" And with that she ran off. Allan muttered something about "a little fool" and returned to his book. I noticed, however, that for all his

affectation of indifference, he nevertheless kept glancing up over the edge of his book.

Jerry was a graceful swimmer but not a particularly strong one and with a gay cry she dove into the water. I wished I had told her to be careful. She made for a small island, about half way across the river, her blue cap bobbing up and down, her slender, boyish body cutting the clear water. She reached the island and instead of resting, turned immediately around and started back. Allan had put his book down and was intently watching her. Half way back I noticed that her strokes were growing weaker, that she did not seem to be making any headway. Then she turned over and started to float, but finding herself carried back a few feet by the current, she once more attempted to swim. I saw her swimming with all her force but to no avail. Her strength was rapidly giving way.

Suddenly Allan, with a cry, ran to the river edge, where, pulling off his shoes and throwing his sweater aside, he dove in and with strong, steady strokes started toward her.

"Float," he cried. "Don't worry. I'm coming."

Before a minute had passed, all this had happened. I hardly had realized what had occurred until Allan had almost reached the shore again, pulling Jerry with him. I quickly ran to meet them as Allan came limping out of the water, carrying Jerry. She was white and pale, her large black eyes shining and somewhat frightened.

"I'm alright now," she said, in a funny voice, and with that she fainted.

Allan started to chafe her hands and I ran to get my ever-present and oft-ridiculed smelling salts. When I hurried back, I stopped short, for Allan and Jerry were holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes.

"You little fool," Allan was saying, but his voice had a tone of tenderness. With that I turned my back and unobtrusively went my way, happy—for I knew that the rest of the summer was safe.

Dreams

By LORRAINE WALSH

The phantomed dreams that haunt my troubled mind
Are but the senseless fears and sordid prey
Of ghosts and goblins, and a shrieking wind
That howling, bring the relics of a day.

Life

By MARIAN TOSO

We're born today, we yearn and sigh
For happiness. We plot and aim
For power and wealth. We die.
The earth rolls on the same.

Wings

By ELIZABETH HENNE

EMILY MARSTON gave the spade a quick, vicious shove into the sandy soil and brushed back the hair from her heated face. Then, half resentfully, half unconsciously, she gazed at the airplane which was circling above her in the clear sky. With a shrug and a sigh, she turned away from the sight that epitomized all the longing within her, and looked at her hands. Hard and calloused they were—just like she was—hard and calloused from almost half a century of work. She picked up the spade, and threw it down again.

How she hated all this! Hated her hands, hated that barren garden, hated the lonely, empty shack, and above all, hated the sea which roared, mocking, at her day and night!

Raising impotent fists to the laughing waves, she ran down to the beach. Something within her shrieked hatred and rebellion to this merciless tyrant. Tight-locked within that shaggy breast the only two things she had ever loved lay sleeping—her husband and her son.

It was a bitter, raw day when they came to tell her of that double tragedy. Both of them—her mate and her boy—had gone out gaily on the clipper, "Emily M." Neither came back. The rough sea folk who brought her the news had tears streaming down their faces. She alone had remained dry-eyed. Dry-eyed—but something in the depths of her being—her very heart—had frozen—had become hard, and calloused, like her hands.

She had, after all, asked so little of life—had received so much less! The past was over—it didn't matter much, any more—but the dreary future, the lonely days and nights—these hurt!

Another airplane was droning overhead. She lifted her eyes—they were hard and bitter, too—and stared enviously after it. *That* was what she wanted! Wings!—To soar high above the surge of life, dipping and sailing among the white clouds, the rose and golden sunset flames.

The sea came up and licked hungrily at her feet. She retreated a step, then advanced. After all these years of hating, she might yet derive some benefit from her relentless enemy. How delightful it would be to slip into the cold green embrace; to slink peacefully into those secret depths; to feel the cool pressure; take the fever from her brow; to remember, as her last thought, that the sea never releases its treasures! She stepped forward again, then suddenly jerked back. After all, she hated the sea too much—and who had ever heard of wings growing down there?

Gazing half stupidly at her sodden feet, she trudged back to her cabin. A new idea had taken possession of her. She went into the kitchen, locked the doors and windows, and plugged the numerous holes and cracks. An evil genius had entered her heart. What was there ahead? Life's values had all gone. She would leave no message—no farewell. The world wasn't worth it. She felt herself drifting softly, slowly, onward.

What should she do? The evil genius started in her bosom. Just then a soft humming and buzzing thrilled her ears. The sound of wings whirred past in the distance.

Of a sudden she was master of herself again, awakened by a crash and a scream. Vaguely she heard both, and some latent instinct within her made her struggle hard for consciousness and light. After what seemed endless ages of forgetfulness she groped her way to the door. She tugged at it, forgetting the lock, till the rusted latch gave way and she burst out into the evening coolness. Fresh breezes fanned her face and whipped the life blood through her veins again.

She saw, then, the cause of the sound. A giant plane had crashed to the earth, crushing one wing to its side. She gazed in a kind of fascination at it. Crippled wings! So like this would her own have become if . . . She shuddered, and stumbled over to the cockpit of the plane. The pilot—a mere lad—lay in an unconscious heap half out of it. The tears sprang to the eyes that had been dry for many a year. Once more there was something worth while to do. She carried the boy into the house, and laid him tenderly on the bed.

* * *

Three weeks later, Emily Marston sat contentedly sewing by a window. She had called him "Boy" ever since that first meeting. Now he opened his blue eyes slowly and looked at her. With a smile that lit up his whole face and hers, too, had she but known it, he whispered impulsively, "Let's grow our wings together, Gran!"

She smiled tremulously. Had he read her heart? Her soul, released from its frozen bonds, seemed to go on sure, steady wings—soaring high above the surge of life, dipping and sailing among the white clouds, the rose—and—golden—sunset flames.

Wings

By ESPERANZA RUELAS

In the far-flung domains of thunder,
Piercing the black-robed sky,
The knights of the air greet the combat
Shouting the eagle's war-cry.

The silver-winged sons of Hermes
Exult in their new-found power.
Mother Earth has kept them by her
But this is sire Mercury's hour.

The storm meets the fleet earth-children
But retreats from their onward roar,
Which rivals her age-old death cry
And heralds a new-born war.

The children of earth have conquered,
They have tried their wings and won,
With a flash of flying silver
They have greeted the rising sun.

It Was Ever Thus

By LILLIAN ARATA

IT was a glorious spring afternoon and the dusty little mid-western town seemed to be basking drowsily in the warm sun. The main street was deserted except for a young girl who was slowly walking past the sleepy stores. With head up, eyes directly ahead she walked, seemingly oblivious of all around her. At the end of the short street she turned and entered the dingy Post Office.

" 'Lo, Tom," she said carelessly to the boy at the desk, "any mail for me?"

"Oh, hello Pat!" exclaimed the boy and his face lit up joyously at the sight of her. "I think there is, let's see—Mrs. Williams, Mr. Peters—gosh, I'm sure I saw a letter here for you," he said, hastily running through the pile of mail at his elbow. "Nope, I must have been wrong—there's none for you, Pat," he declared looking up at her with a boyish grin.

"Thanks," she murmured and turned to go.

"Oh I say," he called after her, "wait a minute will you, if you're going home. I'm leaving now so I'll walk with you. That's if I may," he added, laughingly. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently but Tom apparently didn't notice this; he was too eagerly closing the store.

Tom talked and laughed gaily as the two went along the country road, and Pat walked quietly by his side preoccupied and silent. They came to a grassy knoll deliciously green and shaded by a huge sycamore tree. Tom hailed the knoll with delight and taking his companion by the hand he exclaimed: "Come on, Pat, here's our favorite spot. Let's sit down for awhile."

Still indifferent, still careless, Pat flung herself on the soft grass, and Tom quickly followed suit. For a time they sat there in silence, Pat dreamily gazing at the sky, Tom just as dreamily gazing at her.

"S'matter Pat?" he said at last. "You seem rather gloomy today. Anything wrong?"

With a little gesture of despair Pat sighed heavily and turned her face toward his. "I feel gloomy," she said, "and I just can't help it. Oh, I'm so sick of this town. I hate it so. If I could only go somewhere else to live, any place, anywhere but here!" and her eyes filled with hot resentful tears.

"Aw, Pat," said the boy and a troubled look came over his face, "don't feel like that. Gosh, I think it's keen here. Anyway I wish you weren't downhearted. Come on, Pat," he urged, "cheer up, please, cheer up and smile."

He coaxed, he cajoled, he pleaded with her and at last Pat had to smile.

"You're funny, Tom," she said to him. "Ever since I can remember you've been telling me to cheer up and you're so happy yourself you make me cheer up."

Tom grinned delightfully. "Yeh? Aw, I like to see you happy. Gee, when you smile you look keen, honestly you do—you look, well you look awfully nice," he finished rather lamely.

Pat ignored the compliment and rising lazily glanced at the watch on her wrist. "It's getting late, Tom," she said, "and I must go. You needn't come though. I'll take the short cut across the fields." Then she added generously, yet not too warmly, "Come on over tomorrow afternoon, Tom."

The boy didn't seem to mind her rudeness nor her abruptness. He only noticed that she was tall and slim, that her hair was curly and gorgeously black and that she walked so proudly, so erect. And with frank admiration and affection in his eyes he watched her until she was completely out of sight.

The next afternoon at Pat's request, she and Tom walked to the grassy knoll, their lifelong favorite spot. And this time Pat was the one who talked and laughed happily while Tom, awed and delighted at the change in her, walked silently at her side catching every word, every phrase that fell from her red lips.

With her slim, young shoulders propped against the tree trunk Pat motioned the adoring Tom to sit beside her and in a voice that was lively and clear she began: "Tommie, I'm so happy I could just shout!" and her blue eyes literally snapped with excitement. "At last I'm going away from here. I'm going to live in Boston. Just think, Tommie, Boston!"

Eagerly vivacious she leaned forward. "Aunt Elizabeth telegraphed this morning. Mr. Higgins brought the message. And Tom, Mother and I are to leave this miserable place forever! I'm to leave tomorrow and Mother will come next week," she explained, "and I'm to go to a finishing school and have gorgeous clothes and I'll meet people, wonderful educated people and handsome young—oh, they'll be so handsome—" On and on she rambled, weaving beautiful dreams while the boy, bewildered, yet unselfishly glad, marvelled at her radiant beauty and her sudden fortune.

They were silent for a short while. Then Pat's voice like a clear crystal bell broke the stillness. "Tom," she said, "remember all of the times you've cheered me ever since I was a small girl, and yesterday when I was so downhearted? But," she added brightly, "all of the cheering will be needless from now on, Tom. I'll be gloriously happy now!"

Rising from her grassy perch she turned to the boy who had scrambled to a place beside her. She extended her cool hand toward him saying: "I'd better go now and I guess this will be good-bye because I'll be leaving so early tomorrow. If I ever come back I'll look you up. You've been so nice and I'll never forget your wonderful kindness," she murmured sweetly.

A brief handclasp, a fleeting smile and Pat was gone, leaving Tom standing on the little knoll straining his eyes to watch her disappear. Once she turned and waved to him, then her young form completely vanished from sight.

With a sudden muttered cry the boy started forward. "Pat, Pat," he called loudly, hysterically, and then just as suddenly he stopped short, a hard mirthless laugh escaping from his lips. "Tom," he said aloud, "don't be such a fool. Pat's all right. She's happy. She won't need you any more now," he pleaded, his voice breaking. "Cheer up, Tom, just cheer up and smile!"

The Violet

By BETTY LAUGHLIN

Once among the pastures green
Lay a violet in purple gown.
About her grass and flowers grew,
Her blanket was the silvery dew.
She looked so small and dainty there
That the fairies gave her a perfume rare.

The Eternal Question

By ESPERANZA RUELAS

Alone but for a pine that swayed near by—
As man hath done in every age of yore—
He did not heed the breakers on the shore,
But stood and hurled his question to the sky,
Else in the waves had found his own reply.
O tell me what it is that men adore!
O silence in my heart, the awful roar
Of doubt! The universe sends back the cry
And wonders how a man could be so blind
With all those works before his very eyes.
The answer trembles back from every sod.
At last into his unreceptive mind
From beauteous earth and from the spacious skies,
Doth come the grandeur of its maker, God!

Thoughts

By GRETCHEN LINS

Wonderful, fleeting, fanciful dreams,
Echoes and calls from the past,
Will o' the wisps, bright, unserene
Coming, going, slow and fast.
Never ending, on they fly,
Sad or happy, what care they?
Never being born, they never die,
On they dance, on they play.

Spring Song

By BETTY LAUGHLIN

When the apple blossom spreads its perfume in the air
Each dainty skirt aflutter and bathed in misty dew,
Then we know that spring so fair, with garlands in her hair
Has come to banish winter and dress the world anew.

Auf Wieder-Sehen!

Till We Meet Again!

By ESPERANZA RUELAS

THE June sun caressed the broad blue Rhine, disclosing a row-boat which was disturbing the river's quiet with the ripple of its passing.

The dip, dip of the oars mingled with the cries of herons and the rustling of the leaves whispering to the trees, made a fitting accompaniment to the rhythmic lapping of the flowing current and the echoes from the Black Forest.

Now a strange appealing tenor joined in the symphony with the wild, barbaric Cossack song which seemed strangely out of place in the calm dignity of the surroundings but which perfectly fitted the singer. His slim body was leaning back carelessly in the stern of the boat. In one hand he held a Russian guitar, a balaika. With the other he was strumming vigorously a colorful battle-song which his Tartan blood had taught him to love. Impatiently he shook from his dark brow a lock of hair as black and as sleek as any khan's.

His companion, a tall, powerful, blond young German, now began the gentle reverie-like melody of "Die Lorelei," and pulling easily at the oars brought the boat to the bank and stepped out.

This was their last trip down the deep waters of the Rhine, for on the morrow they were returning to Heidelberg. They had spent their vacation journeying through the Rhinelands together, as was their custom, and now they would return to school together—Karl, the blonde German giant, and Theodor, his slim Russian chum. With a fond goodby to their friend, the river, they both turned slowly down the path just as the last rays of the sun gilded the Lorelei-rock with glowing beams.

On registration day the two friends saw but little of each other. Finally when taps sounded, Karl and Theodor rushed to their room to tell each other everything that had happened during the day and to make plans for the year. Long after taps had sounded they were talking and planning, yet when sleep stole over them there was still much to be said. Finally Karl's tired eyes closed and he mumbled "Auf wieder-sehen."

The sun had just risen above the high stone walls of the building when someone, without warning of reveille, knocked at the door. Karl climbed lazily out of his cot and opened it. A military messenger was stiffly holding out two envelopes. One was for Theodor, and on the back of it were the Imperial arms of Russia. The other was addressed to Karl von Stolzen and on it were the Imperial arms of Germany.

Puzzled, each opened his envelope. A large circular fell out of Theodor's to the floor and there it lay between them. "Germany Declares War on Russia!" Each had been called to the service!

At first a fire of barbaric wrath kindled Theodor's eyes, but Karl jumped up, and embracing him said earnestly: "Theodor, we part as friends; when we meet again it will be as enemies. My God, my Kaiser, and my Fatherland are calling me."

Quietly Theodor turned and both started dressing and packing. Karl

was ready first and as he sadly opened the door he whispered: "Auf wieder-sehen; but may we never meet on the field of battle!"

Some months later, Karl was in his trench, but as there was a temporary lull in the fighting, he took a stub of a cigarette and had just lit it when he heard a moan and a muffled cry.

Slowly he lifted himself out of the trench and dragged himself over "no man's land" in the direction of the voice. It was near him now. Where had he heard that voice? The men in his trench were all accounted for.

There ahead of him he saw a slim form lying face downward in the mud. Gently he turned the dark head and just then a shell came whistling overhead. Karl knew that the shell was a messenger of death for him and the boy lying there; but in that moment, by its glare he recognized—Theodor!

The shell exploded and beneath the terrific noise the winds might have heard a faint sigh that sounded strangely like, "Auf wieder-sehen!"

Carmel By The Sea

By FRANCES DUNN

Like the tolling of a silver bell
Upon the evening air; Carmel
With melodious cadence rings,
And to eternal starlight sings
Of crescent moons and silver sand,
Of waters blue from fairyland;
Of pirate coves within a bay,
Moon curved and titled Monterey.
It choruses of galleons old,
Westward bound in quest of gold;
Of Spaniards and the Spanish main;
Of gentle Padres and their mission train.
It signifies the April showers
Carpeting the world with flowers;
Of artists and their lordly boast
That heaven must be Carmel's coast.
It whispers that the cypress trees
Keep love trysts with the vagrant breeze.
There wild flowers to hillsides cling,
And riot in the wealth of spring.
Harken! There's a silver bell!
Soft . . . melodious . . .
Heaven? No. . . . Carmel.

Tony And The Invisible Fish

By RUBY LAYNE

IN A LITTLE side street not far from Broadway, Tony had his first glimpse of New York. It was there that he opened his small restaurant. He had just arrived from his native Italy and was therefore overjoyed with the fact of a restaurant owned by him alone. He had his friend, Paul, help him paint the outside of the shabby little shop, and pick out some stools and tables for the inside.

Then one bright day when everything was in readiness, Tony opened his store. By the window he had installed a queer little stove, before which he sat flapping pancakes to attract the attention of passersby. When two o'clock came Tony had used almost all his flour and the greater part of his milk was gone; and so far he had only three customers. They were gruesome looking citizens and the shy, timid Tony was rather frightened by them.

The next day brought only a small bit of luck. All the while as Tony sat on his stool flapping pancakes, people passed by. Somtimes they looked in with an air of "Just another good man gone wrong" but they would always pass on without entering the shop.

The following weeks brought little or less and Tony's treasury was fast diminishing. At the end of the month his rent was due, and when the landlord came Tony had to fill him with pancakes, coffee, broken English and an assurance of better luck next time.

The month following, Tony saw his doom in the distance. It was fast approaching; the next day the rent was not only due for the coming month but for the one before as well. Poor Tony was desperate! At seven that evening he closed his little shop and proceeded to his friend's house to inform him of his ruin. Sorrowfully he made his way up the stairs to Paul's room. He was greeted in a very jolly manner, but Paul, perceiving the sad expression on Tony's face inquired the reason of his downcast manner. Then Tony burst forth in a flood of tears, that he was ruined.

"Ruined?" inquired Paul.

"Yeah," Tony assured him.

"Let us think, now," added Paul. "We will soon discover some way out of this mess. We must. You can't go back to Italy defeated."

The two men proceeded to think and remained in this position for about fifteen minutes, when Paul sprang from his chair crying:

"I have it. I have it. I've an idea. Come quick to my den and I'll tell you. Quick."

That night two curious looking figures carrying a large package between them made their way into the little store known as "Tony's Restaurant." Early the next morning, a man passing the restaurant stopped, then started to pass on but returned again to the window. After a few minutes he tapped on the glass, then took off his hat and shook it, evidently trying to attract the attention of something in the window.

His antics attracted many other people and soon there was a large crowd in front of the window. At noon many of them went into the restaurant and Tony could be seen rushing to and fro with dishes, cups, pans and other cook-

ing utensils. That afternoon a newsboy noticing the crowd made his way up to the window. Placed there was a large fish bowl, filled with water. Above the bowl was a placard bearing these words, "Invisible Fish from South America."

Tony and Paul had filled a large fishbowl with water and relying on the curiosity of human nature they put nothing else in it, but above the bowl they placed the card which had attracted everyone's attention.

Thus it was that the clever ruse raised Tony to be the richest and most prosperous restaurant and cafe owner on that little side street not far from Broadway.

The River

By CATHERINE PARKINSON

Through the vastness of the forests
It comes tumbling, splashing near.
Oh, it's swift and strong and laughing,
And its depths are shining clear.

By the cities and the townships,
Through the places man has made,
Past them, onward to the meadows;
By each flowering grassy glade.

Swirling into pools and currents,
Raising havoc, marking rocks;
Many are the tragic happenings
Fast within its breast it locks.

Then, with one last foaming effort,
Down the wall of rock it goes,
Roaring, falling, raising spray-veils,
On to greater waters, flows.

Life

By HELEN SULLIVAN

I love to think of why I'm here
From whence I came and how I feel,
For always then I see so clear
That life is truly very real,
And I am here to persevere
Till God His purpose doth reveal.

A Boy Of India

By DOROTHY DILLON

IN THE far off land of India, in the section called Hindustan, there was a secluded village which bordered on a small tributary of the River Chambal. Antara was not a large settlement but it was the abode of a happy race, whose people lived honestly by raising crops, and righteously, they thought, by worshipping their god, Juggernaut.

The dwellings of Antara were arranged in a circular form, and in the center of the enclosure made by them was the large open shrine of their idol. His statue was placed in the middle of the village because the god was the center of the lives of the inhabitants. This city flourished many years ago and the people rendered homage to their god in strange ceremonies. For instance, the mouth of the statue was open and inside was a blazing furnace. The people thought that if they fed human beings to the Juggernaut the good will of the god would be maintained.

Now it was the feast of the Lord of the World, as the name of the idol means. This was the day of days for the peaceful Indian village, and brown-skinned people came from their homes, from their shops, from everywhere to celebrate the feast of the Great God. Every inhabitant came to the service—that is, all, save one.

The exception was a boy who could have been found engaged in deep prayer. His small brown hands were joined; his sparkling eyes were fixed upon a little statue for which an altar had been made in a niche in the heart of a tree. There under the peaceful shelter of a semi-tropical banyan tree the boy adored his God, with the little image before him to remind him of the One to whom he prayed.

In the religious settlements of Antara a sin against the idol was a crime against the ruler, punishable by whatever the high priest desired. Sentinels were sent out on this day to see that everyone attended the festivities of the occasion. Anyone found absent would be the most contemptible of beings to the rest of the people of the village. In the course of his inquiry, the ruler's deputies chanced to extend their search to the outlying district, and as Fate would have it, they came upon the boy, Zola, in his devotions. One of them seized the lad and demanded how he dared to kneel to a deity other than Juggernaut. The boy remained silent for there was nothing he could say—nothing that the man would understand.

When the people heard the story of Zola's unfaithfulness they were outraged. The high priest decreed that nothing would appease the wrath of the Lord of the World other than the boy's death. The people all began beating Zola with clubs until he fell exhausted to the ground. The boy had clutched the image of his God to his bosom all during his trials. When given a chance to repent by making an offering of his statue to the idol, he refused. The pontiff thereupon decided that the boy himself would be the offering, to be fed into the furnace of the god. But before this could be brought about the people had beaten the life out of the little body.

The boy, Zola, did not belong to the tribe of the people of the village but he had been the last of a tribe whose city had been annihilated by an earth-

quake. He alone had escaped and all that he had rescued from the ruined city was the statue of his Lord. The Faith of Christ had been brought to Zola's predecessors over a century before by a zealous missionary. It had been preserved and cherished, handed from father to son. The people were very fervent as the martyrdom of their last descendant testifies. Zola had fled when his city was destroyed and after a while he came to Antara where he made his home. For months the boy had venerated his God in his homely natural shrine apart from all eyes, but never before had he practised his devotions on the feast of the idol, Juggernaut.

If one should wonder what prayer the boy said every day under the tree and if he could find out he would learn that Zola besought his God to accept from him the greatest gift his little heart could offer. He wanted to go with his own people and he had asked his God not to tarry but to take him where his brothers and sisters had gone. And on this day his God had heard his prayer.

Waiting

By KATHERINE MCCORMICK

O summer, sunny summer
Time of all the year
I've waited and I've waited
For your beauty to draw near.

I long to hear your chirping birds
I long to hear them sing
I've waited through the winter
For the gladness you will bring.

O summer, when you really come
How happy I shall be
For winter will have really gone
When you come back to me.

To A Lake

By GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK

Iridescent beauty
Cool and shining
Mirror, reflecting
Birds, as they fly.
Little, nameless,
Blue-green lake,
Has no one broken
Your stillness but I?

On Eating Cream Puffs

By GRETCHEN LINS

THIS is an age of experiments, of breaking records, of adventure, and, let me say now and forever, an age of specialism and individuality. Everywhere you go you will meet people who are struggling to make a name for themselves in their particular line, no matter whether this be aviation, medicine, flag-pole sitting, roller-skating or—what you will.

It is every bit as important for the flag-pole sitter to make the world's endurance record as it is for the aviator to make a world flight—in the estimation of the individual. That is why I contend that my friends are narrow-minded and prejudiced when they laugh at what seems to me, not only one of the most difficult and prodigious feats possible but also, unhappily, one of the most ignored.

Every day you may read in the newspaper about some man going on a hunting trip to Africa or about some expedition being started to save the souls of the poor, neglected Fiji Islanders, but I ask you, have you ever heard of a cream-puff eating contest? Now please, above all things, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean—I state this emphatically so that there may be no room for doubt—that this contest is to decide who can eat the most cream puffs. That is too easy. Any properly brought up boy, given a sufficient amount, could dispose of enough to make you feel quite weak and depressed. What I do mean, is a contest to determine who can dispose of a cream puff in the cleanest, the most dexterous and yet the most artistic manner. You may think this easy but I warn you right now it is not. I, myself, have labored for years, and have, after much weary and disheartening practise only succeeded in reaching the fairly clean stage, but as I look back on my first attempts I am able to smile reminiscently and pat myself on the back for I know that I have progressed rather successfully.

When I started out I was like all amateurs, rash and apt to be hasty. I laughed at any idea of failure, scoffed at any warnings and dared—yes, actually dared—one day to order a cream puff in a restaurant. When the waiter returned with my order and placed it in front of me I noticed that my companion gazed upon me as if hypnotized. Notwithstanding, I nonchalantly raised the cream puff in my fingers and bit absent-mindedly into the luscious morsel. Then, and not till then, did I realize that Fate, so kind in the past, had turned like the proverbial worm and had planned to humiliate me before my friends. I will pass over this tragedy; it is too painful a subject for analysis. I will pass on to the happier days—to that time when I triumphantly ate a whole cream puff without a drop of cream descending upon my chin or dropping down my collar. I feel it is only fair, however, to tell you that I did have a stiff neck for a week, the consequence of stretching around the edge of the cream puff after the cream which would insist on oozing out. But this is only a minor detail and I am happy now, for whatever I may have suffered is doubly repaid by my present satisfaction in my achievement. The only thing I cannot understand is why more interest is not taken in this—which I consider one of the supreme accomplishments of a cultured lady.

Big Sisters

By JANE MADDEN

BIG sisters! Mighty people who think they are so wise. Were they never little themselves? It hardly seems possible.

They always manage to be in everything that does not concern them. Whenever you want a new dress they seem to pick it out. First the goods doesn't suit them and then the pattern is too old a style. They argue over whether it shall have pleats or gathers. It has gathers because the older sister thinks they look better.

She takes you down town to purchase a pair of shoes. You have your heart set on pumps with high heels. Then your sister says, "What, you wear high heels! Why, when I was your age I wore high shoes with low heels, not low shoes with high heels." And you promptly get low heels contrary to your heart's desire.

You bring a new book home from the library, one by your favorite author and one you have been waiting a long time to read. You seat yourself comfortably and start to read it, thinking you have a whole hour before dinner. Then your sister comes in. "You've just been to the library? What book did you get? Let me see it just a minute?" You know unless you give it to her willingly it will be taken by force. You grant her request. Her minute becomes minutes, then a half hour and finally, at the close of the hour she has finished it. Instead of returning it, she immediately goes to mother. "This book isn't fit for your daughter to read, I wouldn't let her read it if I were you." If you accuse her of having read it, immediately on the defense she replies that she has "just glanced through it."

Ah, then! If your names both happen to begin with the same initial,—J, for instance—everything addressed to J or Miss J is given to her because she is the elder. She always manages to arrive home first and then she gets the first look at everything. If she opens an invitation to a party beginning at nine o'clock in the evening, she highly disapproves. She "never went to evening parties" when she was young!

Does she never realize that the object of her discussion and selection is to be worn by her younger sister, not by her? Or should sixteen-year-old girls be put in rompers and sandals and given a picture book to read?

There are times I admit when big sisters are very considerate. But at such times we must realize that recompense must always be made. They take you to the theatre and during the short walk home they propose a seemingly innocent suggestion: They would "just love to wear" such and such tomorrow. May they? This is really just a matter of form for they would wear it anyway.

How often I have wished that I were the oldest, but no, someone had to be the baby and I suppose I just happened to be that one.

On Big Brothers—Particulary Mine

By JEAN HANNA

BIG brothers! A little thrill of joy runs up and down by spine at the very sound. They are not the pests and crabs and other uncomplimentary things that are said about them, but the best pals, the most helpful friends, loving sympathizers, the dearest but most annoying teases, and the

greatest standbys in the world. I have thought from my earliest youth that my brother possessed not only these qualities to a far greater degree than anyone else's but also that he was the brightest and most intelligent person in all the world. Whenever I was confronted with a question I immediately took it to him and demanded an answer. No matter how absurd the answer was, I was always satisfied. It must be right, for Buddy had said it was so and so.

Unfortunately for me I would always ask a question when he was busily occupied in the process of shaving or tying a "tux" tie. For instance, one day I softly opened the door, peeped in around the edge and asked, "Buddy dear, who crossed the Delaware?" There he was standing before the mirror, legs apart, his face heavily lathered and screwed in the most comical manner, his right hand holding his safety razor aloft, his left hand pulling his ear in the most ungainly position. I received no response but a grunt and change of position. A pause and once again, more impatiently this time, "Buddy, who crossed the Delaware?" Not until the left cheek was smoothly shaven did he ask, "Huh! What did you say?" "I said, 'Who crossed the Delaware?' " most impatient this time. "Oh, I don't know; don't bother me now." "Yes, you do know," I coaxed confidently. "Tell me, who crossed the Delaware?" Seeing no other way to get rid of me than by answering he responded, "Oh, Napoleon. Now go and let me shave in peace." "Thank you," I murmured and left. The next day I argued and dared, yes actually dared Sister to say George Washington crossed the Delaware when my Buddy said it was Napoleon. Do you see how it is?

Thus I went through grammar school, relying on my brother for puzzling questions, receiving absurd answers, and defying anyone to doubt or contradict them.

Then came graduation and high school. The work of high school held no fear for me for was I not armed with my brother's knowledge? I at least thought so, but soon found I was mistaken. In the first place he frankly admitted that he could not answer all my questions, and in the second—and this is the worst of all—no one in high school cared to hear about him or what he said. When a discussion was going on and I wanted to add my opinion, if I began with, "Well, my Buddy says" or "My brother says," I was immediately cut short by unanimous looks of scorn, of disgust and moans. "Oh, for heaven's sake, is she going to talk about her brother again?" "Who cares what he has to say?" or "If you think I'm going to listen to you rave about your wonderful brother again you are mistaken."

At first I was hurt and indignant. My brother, my dear brother, whom I had held to be the highest and finest thing on this earth for fourteen years, was the scorn of everyone! Then I began to see that I was to blame. Everyone didn't think the same of him as I did. They had fine brothers at home, too. Mine wasn't the only one on the earth. So by degrees I began to mention him less and less and now hardly at all. I don't ask him any more questions and I do not believe that Napoleon crossed the Delaware. But I still and always will think of him as the finest and brightest brother in all the world.

Going For Ads

By DOROTHY DILLON

FULL of enthusiasm and bubbling over with spirit, you start out, confident of returning with at least ten ads. You have been told that business men always seem on the brink of failure when about to part with a small sum for your cause, but this cannot daunt you. Anyway it is a privilege to advertise in your year book and those given the opportunity will realize how fortunate they are and will immediately demand an ad. Yes, of this you are certain. With a companion you set out, carrying last year's journal under your arm, with several subscription blanks, and with a well-filled fountain pen.

Now the question arises as to how you shall go about soliciting the ads. What demeanor shall you assume? You determine to take upon yourself an air of importance—of one who demands something and expects to get it. This method will surely be successful.

You come to the first place—the Central Bank. But who will do the talking here, you or your companion? She ought to for she's bigger than you, but she refuses and you must make the best of it. Inwardly trembling, but with a bold exterior to coincide with the importance you must assume, you enter the bank. You ask to be admitted to the president. He is in conference. No matter, you will wait. Finally you are ushered into the great office where an important man is dictating to his secretary. Of course your business is important. You state it, but he doesn't think it so and refuses an ad without further ado.

Dejected you leave and set out for the Insurance Company. Here your companion will talk. But she must present a different attitude; the other didn't work. *"Experientia docet."* She decides to adopt a pleading tone to endeavor to impress upon the subscriber the need of an ad. Together you enter the great establishment where many men—all men—are busily engaged. Several eyes turn toward you, docile little maids, and you almost melt before the icy stares. But seeing a door with "Manager" inscribed on it you knock and enter, only to interrupt a meeting. Another wait and finally when the gentleman is ready to hear you, your chum pleads her cause with genteel meekness. Alas, however, you learn that the company's quota for advertising has long since been used up but if you will return in July they'll be glad to help you. Your journal goes to press in April!

You try the shops but the keepers tell you how great their overhead expenses are or they say that they have just subscribed to the Community Chest, which includes all other charities. Imagine considering advertising in your journal, charity!

Eventually as a last hope you go to the doctors. Surely they will grasp the opportunity. You assume a dignified, superior or rather condescending air to impress the professional man that you are merely allowing him to subscribe. But alas! in every office you meet the same reply, "It is not ethical for doctors to advertise, I'm very sorry."

The next day you go to school to be met by a haughty senior who says sardonically, "Why don't you juniors get busy? Your class has the least ads." After all your trouble!

Of course every cloud has a silver lining and you continue your efforts on

the ad drive until a few disappointments are turned into successes. You get a few ads, many promises and still more "maybes". Your colleagues do likewise until the year book finally goes to press. And when you see the precious book you realize that going for ads wasn't so terrible since by your efforts you have helped produce the memorable volume and perhaps gained a little poise and self confidence, besides.

Sisters And Lockers

By MARGARET CASASSA

SISTERS generally enjoy one another's company — at a distance, but partnerships often prove disastrous—especially in a little two by four locker. It has always been a source of mystery to me how one can expect two girls—sisters at that—to occupy the same locker and retain their mental equilibrium. My sister Katherine and I have occupied the same locker for a year and a half and we only hope that we can persevere until May, when we shall be released from our bondage.

Our locker is in the darkest corner of the hall and it is only by feeling about and having everything fall out that we ever find what we are looking for.

This is an example of what goes on in the morning: Katherine usually arrives at school first, gets her books from the locker and hangs up her coat and hat. When I arrive with about half a minute to spare, I open the locker and the first thing that greets me is a pile of books dropping out on the floor at my feet and her hat "tumbling after." After gathering them up and trying to restore order I take off my coat and hat and hang them up. My hat bumps Kay's and then they both drop to the floor. This means picking them up and placing them in such a position that they won't topple out again—at least not while I'm looking.

During all this procedure the bell has rung and I am no nearer answering it than when I first arrived at school. Just as I think I am about ready to close the locker, one of the coats, as if to mock me, pokes its nose out in the way of the door, which necessitates my pushing it back and shutting the door before the coat has a chance to dangle out again. You can imagine my embarrassment when I walk into class three minutes late.

To add to the confusion, two sisters have the locker next to ours, which means that four people are trying to occupy space that was originally intended for two.

Two may be able to live as cheaply as one but they certainly can't live as comfortably.

On Rumble Seats

By LILLIAN ARATA

MY BONES ache in every joint and my whole body is warped and bent. My hair hangs in straw-like wisps around my face. There are dark circles under my eyes and my once unblemished skin is a pasty mud-yellow. Huge, brown freckles blaze forth in stark reality from my forehead; my youth, my vitality are gone and I am a physical wreck. A physical wreck—and all because I tried to be agreeable.

Little did I realize what I was saying when, finding that we were rather crowded as to seating space, I obligingly offered to sit in the rumble seat. "Mother," I said sweetly to my somewhat surprised maternal parent, "if there's not much room I'll sit in the rumble seat. I won't mind a bit." What innocent words, what an innocent intention—but what a final, hideous disillusionment!!

Not even when I was rudely hoisted into the seat by my companion did I realize what I had freely condescended to undertake. I snuggled down and let the wind ruffle my hair and blow the color into my cheeks. I laughed and pronounced it "keen fun!"

And even later when my legs had a stiff, cramped feeling and I felt unusually grimy all over I said it was "all right" and I managed to smile.

I bore it all with patient endurance until we started to climb the mountains. Up and up we climbed, we skidded, we swerved, in and out, around and back, from side to side with a slow, steady, sickening motion. Lower and lower I sank while my head whirled with the movement of the rumble seat. And all the time my companion, who had a copious imagination and a continually empty stomach, talked unceasingly of food: Of nice juicy steak, oozing luscious gravy, of potatoes, of pie. On and on he raved while we swayed back and forth around the curves, slowly, swishingly, but surely. He reached the ice cream stage when my mistreated spirit would allow no more. Feebly I raised a hand in protest and murmured to him to stop, lest I should die on the spot.

I closed my leaden eyes and for fifteen blessed minutes my weary body rested and I slept. I slept—and woke at the journey's end to find myself a wreck, a hideous, drab person, utterly devoid of beauty, with a broken spirit and an absolute horror of rumble seats. And even now, two days since my memorable ride, its traces are still upon me. I cower at the mere mention of them, a far-away look comes into my eyes and in a gasping breath I strangely murmur,

"Rumble seats, ah yes, rumble seats."

On Getting Up In The Morning

By GRETCHEN LINS

I DON'T mean Saturday morning, I tell you right now. I mean Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Even as I say this a picture comes to my mind. It is seven o'clock in the morning. The bed never was so comfortable before. I lie there so cozy; life is one vague happy dream. I feel like a cat that has just licked up a dish of cream. Then—brr---brr---brr---brr---brr. My dream vanishes. Life in all its cold, stark reality faces me. Oh, that alarm clock! I gingerly stretch out one arm, grasp the alarm clock with an exclamation dangerously nearing profanity, and shut the annoying thing off. Peace. I try to delude myself into a state of happiness once again. "Perhaps it's Saturday. . . . Why, yes, I'm quite sure it is. Didn't I fail in history yesterday and wasn't that Friday? Yes, it certainly must be Saturday." I know all the time that I'm just fooling myself but strangely enough it seems to comfort me. Pretty soon I feel happy again.

Then—plump - bang - bump! The last vestige of my dream vanishes. I hear Mary—that's my sister—crawling out of bed. I lie there, trying to

make myself appear as small as possible. "Perhaps she'll think I'm up already —'praps she won't see me." But no hope. "*Will* you get up? Come on, Dodo—yes, stop that fake snoring!" No fooling Mary—but still I try.

"O stop it, Dodo—it'll be just as hard five minutes from now." Isn't she the little philosopher, though? "Sure, I'm getting up," I murmur drowsily.

"Yes? (rising inflection). Well you won't object to my taking off the bed clothes then, will you darling?" (rising inflection).

That's generally the last straw. I give myself up for lost and with much yawning, stretching and groaning, draw myself slowly up. Such is life! Oh, such is the life of a school girl!

My Dreams

By HELEN SULLIVAN

As silent as the dawn of day
Which steals upon the sleeping world,
To burst into that glorious ray
Which rends the gloom of night unfurled.
They come—my dreams.

As soothing as the liquid dew
Which falls as raindrops from above,
To kiss, to strengthen and renew
The tired flower with its love—
They are—my dreams.

As calmly as a bird in flight
Who soars afar into the sky
And reaching to his greatest height
Then surely, slowly, fades from eye.
They go—my dreams.
And leave me in a daze.

Today

By LORRAINE WALSH

To-day lives only in the present,
It cannot be the past nor future;
Hence, do not let it be misspent,
For once 'tis gone, you but allure
A vacant space,
Eternity in miniature.

Activities

THE friendly old moon,
With a wink in his eye,
Peeked down at Grandma
Looking shy,
At a slender youth
In a powdered wig,
Then the wise old moon
Puffed up yellow and big—
'Cause he knew.

Same old moon
Just the other day
Turned all golden
To look our way.
Wise old moon—
He nodded his head,
"Same old world!
Styles change instead."

MARGARET MOUNT.

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Editorial

IT IS impossible to state with what joy and gratification both the students and friends of our school have received the news that a Junior College is to be opened in St. Rose at the commencement of the Fall Semester. We, who have been the recipients of so many benefits at our revered Alma Mater, now look forward with intense satisfaction to the higher endeavors proposed by her.

In every civilized nation of the world the name and symbol of the Dominican Order have stood for all that is fine and noble. The life-long work of St. Dominic's followers has been to give out to their fellow men the very best that is in them with complete disregard of self. So now, it is another honor for St. Rose Academy to be able to present to the young ladies of San Francisco that college for which a need has long been felt.

We know that the Junior College about to begin its career will give the same earnest efforts and win the same regard which St. Rose has always given and enjoyed in the past and we know of no better guarantee than to say that it is to be established and placed under the guidance of the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael.

An Appreciation

THE staff of the 1929 "Gold and White" wish to thank all of those who have extended such loyal cooperation to us. We are more than grateful for the support shown us in our recent Ad. Drive, in which the senior class won first prize and the sophomore second. The sophomore class has given us such admirable and hearty aid that we are happy to extend our deepest gratitude to them.

HELEN SULLIVAN
Vice President

LILLIAN ARATA
President

MICHAELA DRISCOLL
Secretary

ELIZABETH SILVA
Treasurer

MARIE SPEZIA
Athletic Manager

The Student Body

THIS organization is the largest and most important in St. Rose Academy. Its sole object is the fostering and controlling of all activities undertaken by the students. Every girl automatically becomes a member upon registration. The various officers are chosen for their executive ability and for the interest they take in student affairs.

We have been guided this year and have made great strides under the capable leadership of President Lillian Arata, whose untiring efforts were nobly seconded by her fellow-officers, Helen Sullivan, Michaela Driscoll and Elizabeth Silva.

The school has entered whole-heartedly into all activities of the student organization. The variety of diversions offered during the course of the year by our rather extensive program provided everyone with an opportunity of satisfying her particular interests and of developing her special talents. We have enjoyed lectures by prominent people, have been entertained by the Dramatic Club and Senior plays, and have spent a pleasant afternoon at the tea for the Alumnæ. Enthusiasm for basketball waxed strong even when its supremacy was threatened by the introduction of another fascinating sport, volley ball.

Student Body meetings have been a means not only of bringing the students together in a desirable spirit of co-operation but also of providing occasion for the discussion of improvements and innovations in school government.

All in all 1928-29 has been an eventful year and one which we may well review with pride and satisfaction.

ELIZABETH SILVA
President

JEAN HANNA
Secretary

FRANCES FUTSCHER
Vice President

MARIE SPEZIA
Treasurer

The Students' Spiritual Council

OFFICERS

President	ELIZABETH SILVA
Vice-President	FRANCES FUTSCHER
Secretary	JEAN HANNA
Treasurer	MARIE SPEZIA

COMMITTEES

Chairman of Publicity	MICHAELA DRISCOLL
Our Lady's	CLAIRE KENNEY
Missions	MARGARET CASASSA
Eucharistic	KATHERINE CASASSA

A VERY great deed was performed over a year ago when Reverend Daniel Lord, S.J., urged the organization of sodalities throughout the Catholic schools of the United States. His example and wonderful executive ability have borne results far beyond general expectations. This year under Father Lord's representative, Reverend W. J. Donnelly, S.J., of St. Louis, a two-day convention was held in St. Ignatius College in February. Father Donnelly's aim was to see what the different schools had done and it was remarkable to note the splendid progress of all and the enthusiasm shown.

Under the leadership of Elizabeth Silva and the continued co-operation of the other officers, the Students' Spiritual Council has expanded and accomplished a great deal at St. Rose during the past year. With pride it is noted that interest has increased to such a degree that the religious attitude of the members has improved. As this is the chief motive of the organization, we may be gratified at the result.

Our members have not only aided the foreign missions but have also fostered a spirit of charity at home. We hope that the Council will continue to prosper.

ELLEN MARTIN
President

MARGARET MARSH
Secretary-Treasurer

Vae Victis

VAE VICTIS, our Debating Club, has been very active during the past year. The promise of trophy cups to be awarded to the members of the victorious team, together with the splendid co-operation of the faculty and the lively interest of the Student Body spurred the debaters on in the hope of reaching their final goal, and enabled the club to present a series of interesting debates. Among these were the following:

1. Resolved: *That Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished*:
   Affirmative—Juniors—Helen Sullivan, Margaret Marsh, Anne Finn.
   Negative—Seniors—Esperanza Ruelas, Lillian Arata, Elizabeth Henne.
   Won by the affirmative.

2. Resolved: *That the American Indians Had an Undeniable Right to American Soil.*
   Affirmative—Freshmen—Virginia Sullivan, Alberta Marsh, Margaret Mullaney.
   Negative—Sophomores—Katherine Casassa, Madeline Collins, Cecelia Casey.
   Won by the affirmative.

3. Resolved: *That Competition in Trade is Better than Monopoly*:
   Affirmative—Freshmen—Virginia Sullivan, Alberta Marsh, Margaret Mullaney.
   Negative—Juniors—Helen Sullivan, Margaret Sullivan, Madeline Collins.
   Won by the Freshmen, who thus were the winners of the trophy.

DOROTHY SUTTON
President

LENORE ALEGRETTI
Secretary

ELEANOR BUCKLEY
Treasurer

The Cecilian Club

THE Cecilian Club has played an important role this year in the recitals and entertainments which brighten our school term.

Besides the regular monthly recitals we have had several concerts sponsored by the Club. The first was the celebration of Saint Rose Day. The program was short but we all appreciated it and were very grateful to those who made it such a success.

To entertain our mothers on Mother's Day, the program included a duo for two pianos played by Mary Merschen and Consuelo Albedi and another by Lenore Alegretti and Vonie Baker. Both were exceptionally well executed.

This was followed by Miss Rosalia Voegele's enjoyable concert. Miss Voegele is a pupil of the Conservatories of Stuttgart and Siviburg, Germany. At the request of the faculty Miss Voegele played selections which would give the most pleasure to high school students, instead of the more difficult compositions which she usually renders in her concerts. Her program consisted of:

1. Moonlight Sonata ..... *Beethoven*
   Air un Gavotte of the English Suite ..... *Bach*
2. Schubert's Impromptu A flat
   Impromptu G major
   Mozart's D minor Fantasia
3. Chopin's Prelude B minor
   Prelude B major
   Prelude D flat major

For encores Miss Voegele played "Morning" and "Asa's Death" from Peer Gynt Suite by Grieg.

We were delighted when Mr. Beckett, the conductor of the Young People's Symphony, came to tell us about the wonderful work which has been accomplished in the past year in San Francisco. He explained the series of concerts and urged a large attendance.

During the latter part of the term, the usual concerts which are themselves an organization in the school, were given. We also provided the music for the Dramatic Club productions.

In addition to being greatly indebted to Ruby Layne, our organist, and Gretchen Lins, our violinist, for their music during the First Friday masses, we commend Evelyn Hayburn, Dorothy Sutton, Catherine Lucey, Virginia Flannery and Elena Bacciocco for exceptionally good work done during this past year.

REV. EDGAR BOYLE

The Choral

THE past two years have seen the rise of a new satellite in the world of school music. Brought to its present enviable position by the inspiring efforts of Reverend Edgar Boyle, St. Rose's Special Choral is now recognized by critics of music in San Francisco.

Last year for the first time, a mass was celebrated in St. Dominic's Church on graduation day. The Choral, by special dispensation, was seated in the Schola cantorum and sang the high mass under the direction of Father Boyle.

The selections sung on that occasion were:

Processional		Traditional Melody (1678)
When Morning Gilds the Skies		
Asperges		Gregorian
Kyrie—Xth Century		Gregorian
Gloria		Gregorian
Credo		Mass of the Angels
Ave Maria		Jacques Arcadelt
Sanctus, Benedictus	Cum Jubilo	Gregorian
Panis Angelicus		Lambilotto
Agnus Dei		Gregorian
Recessional		
Salve Regina Coelitum		Traditional Melody

It is the custom in St. Rose to set aside one afternoon during the term for "An Hour With Mother." This semester our parents were entertained by the Special Choral singing songs of bygone days—among them "Old Black Joe," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and "Love's Old Sweet Song."

During Music Week this year, on the day devoted to parochial schools, St. Rose rendered three special numbers, "Salve Regina," "The Old Refrain," and "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," besides participating in the ensemble singing.

There now remain two more events to make this an outstanding year in the history of music at St. Rose—the 1929 graduation mass and the graduation itself. In view of the fact that the mass last year met with such acclaim and that the choral is now larger and more experienced, it is quite probable that this year's mass will surpass any previous efforts. The beautiful new altar in St. Dominic's Church now being erected will be in place by that time, and will certainly prove an inspiration to us.

The program for the 1929 Graduation Mass will be as follows:

Processional
Nostra Signora — Copocci

Proper of the Mass
Introit—Gradual—Alleluia
Offertory—Communion
Sung on Psalm tones

Common of the Mass
Kyrie—Gloria—Credo
Sanctus—Benedictus—Agnus Dei — Gregorian

Motets
Adoramus Te — Traditional
Salve Regina — Schubert

Recessional
Long Live the Pope — Ganss

Our repertoire now includes German, French, Latin and English songs. Interesting preparations are being made for the program for the Commencement Exercises on May 27. This will include "Maria Wiegenlied" in German, and two other selections, one in French and one in English.

Pro Fide

MARGARET CASASSA
President

PRO FIDE, the students' branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has had a most successful year under the leadership of Margaret Casassa and her capable assistants—Marion Toso of the junior class, Betty Casey of the sophomores, and Margaret Pettee of the freshman class.

The purpose of the society is to aid all needy Catholic Missions, both at home and abroad.

Father William Sullivan, the Diocesan Director of this society, has inspired the girls with enthusiasm by coming to speak to them almost every month, congratulating them on their good work and asking them to continue in it even after they are out of school. Father Sullivan has just returned from Australia, where a conference was held concerning the Missions, so he is able to tell just what we can do by our contributions.

Every girl in the Student Body is a member of the organization and all have shown their co-operation and support by the willingness with which they have done their share both spiritually and financially.

H. SULLIVAN	D. REARDON	G. VON SOOSTEN	E. SILVA	J. HANNA	
M. MCCARTHY	A. MARSH	K. CASASSA	J. ORTNER	J. MADDEN	E. HENNE
M. MARSH	M. LINS	F. LEMMELET	C. HOWLETT	J. MITCHELL	E. BUCKLEY
B. FILMER	P. NOWLAND	M. PETTEE	M. BUCKLEY	E. RODRIQUEZ	H. CALLIER
L. ARATA	D. DILLON	C. DEPANGHER	E. CAVANAUGH	E. BUCKLEY	V. BAKER

Veritas

VERITAS, the Honor Society of St. Rose, has had a flourishing year. Organized four years ago, the society embraces all those who attain marks of A or B. Each month honor pins are given out—first honors to students obtaining all marks of A or A-, and second honors to those with no mark lower than B. Over fifty girls have won these pins for one or more months. Those meriting membership for more than four months in the term are the following:

SENIORS

Mary Lins
Lillian Arata
Barbara Filmer
Elizabeth Henne
Elizabeth Silva

JUNIORS

Dorothy Dillon
Helen Sullivan
Jean Hanna
Catherine Howlett
Jane Madden
Margaret Marsh
Grace von Soosten

SOPHOMORES

Katherine Casassa
Frances Lemmelet
Jeanette Mitchell
Patsy Nowland
Marie Elena Rodriguez
Vonie Baker

FRESHMEN

Helen Callier
Ellen Cavanaugh
Catherine Depangher
Margaret McCarthy
Margaret Pettee
Emily Buckley
Margaret Buckley
Eleanor Buckley
Alberta Marsh
Josephine Ortner
Dorothy Reardon

The Alumnae pin, which is awarded each month to the senior with the highest average, was merited three months by Mary Lins, four months by Lillian Arata and one month by Esperanza Ruelas.

The Scholarship pin, awarded each month to the student who has the highest marks throughout the school, was won two months by Dorothy Dillon, two months by Margaret Buckley and one month each by Frances Lemmelet, Eleanor Buckley, Margaret McCarthy and Helen Sullivan.

Although competition for the Student Body Scholarship Cup between the various classes has been very keen, at the time of going to press the Junior Class had held the cup for four months, the Freshmen three months and the Sophomores one month. The decision, therefore, was still in doubt.

Scholarships

LILLIAN VIEDERMANN

THE Dominican College Scholarship was founded in 1927. It consists in a four year course at Dominican College, awarded to the student who for scholarship and general character has the highest standing at the time of graduation.

Those who have thus far won the coveted honor are:

1927—Evelyn Barry.
Betty Barry.
1928—Mary McCarthy.

MARY MCCARTHY

In 1928 the St. Rose Alumnæ offered a one year scholarship to Dominican College.

This scholarship was awarded on the same conditions as the above and was merited by Lillian Viedermann.

Red Cross

TOWARD the close of last term St. Rose Academy was enrolled as a member of the Junior Red Cross Auxiliary. Interest in this organization was resumed this term when, on October 24, 1928, Neva Longatti and Helen Sullivan were sent as Student Representatives to the Junior Red Cross Round Table held at the San Francisco Chapter Headquarters.

During the meeting reports of activities in all the schools of the city were read and plans were discussed for furthering their work.

It has always been a pleasure to our students to participate in any undertaking which serves either to aid, comfort or gladden our unfortunate fellowmen. In any such activities cooperation is never demanded—it is willingly asked for and willingly given.

ESPERANZA RUELAS
President

NEVA LONGATTI
Secretary

MARGARET CASASSA
Treasurer

Dramatic Club

THE delightful whimsicalities of Barrie's "Quality Street" transformed our stage into a quaint "blue and white" sitting room and converted modern high school girls into nineteenth century romancers when on March twenty-seventh the Dramatic Club presented its annual program in St. Rose Auditorium before the girls and their parents. The "gallant" Captain Brown was ably portrayed by Virginia Vannucci. Ollie Watts was the timid little Phoebe Throssle and the part of her old maid sister was taken by Lorraine Walsh.

The other characters were: Dorothy Hartnett as Miss Fanny Willoughby, one of three old maids, Virginia Gallagher as Mary Willoughby, another old maid, Ellen McGerry as Henrietta Turnbull, the third old maid, Helen Sullivan as Ensign Blades, Cecilia Casey as Lieutenant Spicer, Lydia Watts as Charlotte Parrat, Dorothy Reardon as Harriet, Dorothy Lee Carter as the Sergeant and Old Soldier, Martha Ward as the gallant and the bad school boy, Lorraine Fahs as the faithful servant, Patty, Eleanor Buckley as Isabella Beveridge, a troublesome little girl, Katherine Depangher as lovable little Arthur Wellesby Thomson, and Caroline Jeffress, Catherine O'Connell and Catherine McMartin as the dancing pupils.

Everyone knows the delicate Barrie humor, but when ably carried out by well directed actors it doubles in value; and our little group of actors had an able director in Professor Daniel S. Sullivan, teacher of the spoken word at St. Rose.

The Seniors were not able to take part on account of the proximity of the Senior Play but they and all other members of the Dramatic Club, as well as the officers, were generous in their efforts to make the play a success. That they achieved their purpose was evidenced by the congratulations the girls received not only on their performance but also on the dignity, efficiency and order which characterized their behaviour behind the scenes.

"QUALITY STREET"

The Senior Play

THE Senior Class of 1929 might be compared to the French nation at the time of the Revolution. The French conjugated, "I am suspect, you are suspect, he is suspect." The Seniors conjugate, "Am I going to college? Are you going to college? Is she going to college?" Therefore, it seemed quite appropriate that the name of the Senior play should be,"*Why Were You Sent to College?*"

But lest the people at large presume that it was somewhat like a thesis or a lecture course, we hasten to add that it was an exciting, fast-moving story of a small-town pioneer family, whose children come back from college full of ultra-modern ideas and ultra-modern disregard for all but themselves.

When, however, they discover that in a moment of just anger and indignation at being continually goaded and insulted by an unscrupulous band of politicians, their father has impetuously resigned from his office of city assessor and, having spent all his money on their education, has become bankrupt, they rise to the emergency by pretending a sudden antipathy to continuing their studies. The eldest son, who was about to be married, places all his savings in his father's name in the bank. The younger son, whose ambition it was to study under a famous artist, secures a position in a stock company as actor and scene-painter. And his twin-sister accepts a position as advertising manager for a department store.

But they do not stop at obtaining positions for themselves. Knowing of a long cherished ambition of their father's to be a market gardener, they persuade their grandmother to enter into partnership with a friend and hire their father to look after her interests.

The plot was well knit together and the characters typical of American life. Though the action took place in a small town, it could be set to equal advantage in any city of the United States.

The play was coached by Mr. Daniel Sullivan and was produced in the School Auditorium on Friday evening, April 27th.

The members of the cast were: Marjorie Crummy as *Bernard Ingals*, the father; Lillian Arata as *Eunice Ingals*, the mother; Esperanza Ruelas as *Mrs. Bradley*, the grandmother; Michaela Driscoll as *Bradley Ingals*, the younger son; Dorothy Mullaney as *Lois Ingals*, his twin-sister; Margaret Mount as *Hugh Ingals*, the elder brother; Mary Lins as *Julia Murdoch*, their aunt; Ellen Martin as *Dagmar Carroll*, Hugh's fiancée; Neva Longatti as *Noel Derby*, a friend of the family; Georgia Alegretti as *Leo Day*, a politician; Bernice O'Connell as *Elliott Kimberley*, a politician; Elizabeth Silva as *Ronald Murdoch*, the children's cousin, and Grace O'Connor as *Rhoda*, the maid.

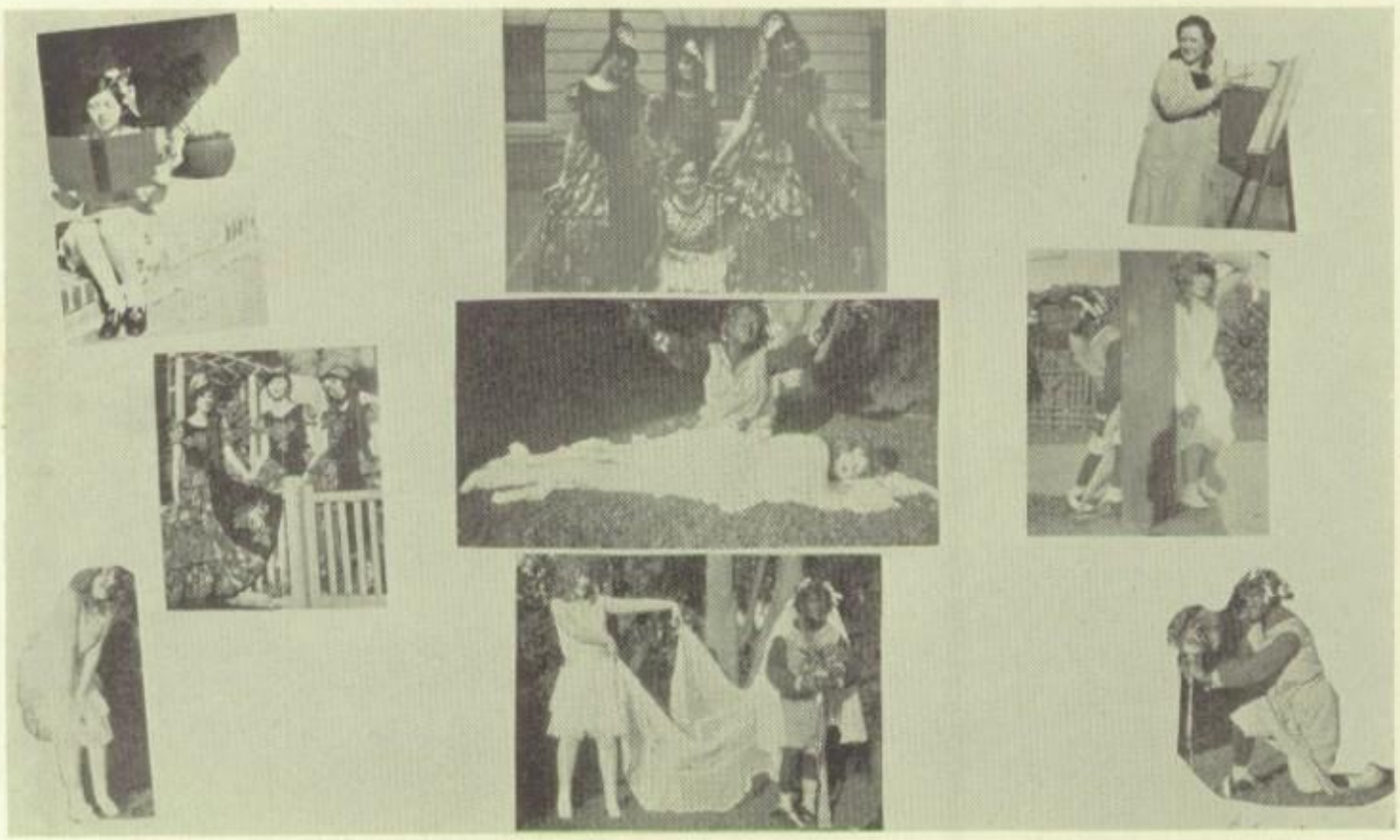
SCENES FROM "WHY WERE YOU SENT TO COLLEGE?"

Junior Rally

FILLED with enthusiasm, bustling back and forth, eager for the moment when we would reap the reward of long and tiresome practise but thrilled to realize that all was to be a surprise to the audience—the Juniors were ready for the annual Junior Rally. The curtain finally parted revealing a beautiful garden scene. There Eva and saucy little Topsy with many pickaninnies furnished much humor as well as a touch of pathos to a scene from "Topsy and Eva." This was followed by a charming pantomime in which an artist fulfilled his ideal in painting. Other numbers of gay music, vivid costumes and fair ladies passed on to give way to the most humorous scene of all, the "Family Album." Then came the climax, the greatest novelty of the program—a motion picture. There appeared before the audience the achievements of the Junior Class and the pranks and tricks of its members

The program, which represented a color scene, was as follows:

I. Just a Shade Darker.
II. Paisley.
III. Hunting For the Gold and White.
IV. Paragon.
V. A Gray Idea That Will Tickle You Pink.



CALENDAR

FIRST WEEK	SECOND WEEK	THIRD WEEK	FOURTH WEEK
AUGUST			
		Entrance Day	St. Rose Day Program
SEPTEMBER			
Friendship Day	Piano Concert by Miss Rosalia Voegele	Lecture by Prof. Getell	Debate Seniors vs. Juniors
OCTOBER			
Basketball Game Seniors vs. Juniors	Lecture by Prof. Lee E. Bassett	Junior Rally	Mother's Day
NOVEMBER			
Debate Sophomores vs. Freshmen	Lecture by Miss Rebecca Porter	Votive Mass	Thanksgiving Holidays
DECEMBER			
Reading by Mrs. E. S. Elliott	Program by German Class	Basketball Game Sophomores vs. Juniors	Christmas Vacation
JANUARY			
Tennis Semi-Finals Mary Merschen vs. Jeannette Mitchell	Reading by Mr. L. Whittier	Tennis Semi-Finals Anne Hurabielle vs. Anita Nasser	Tennis Finals Mary Merschen vs. Anita Nasser
FEBRUARY			
Debate Juniors vs. Freshmen	Basketball Game Vallejo vs. St. Rose	Alumnae Tea	Dramatic Club Play
MARCH			
Basketball Game Star of the Sea vs. St. Rose	Basketball Game Miss Burke's vs. St. Rose	Lecture by Prof. Blank	Retreat
APRIL			
Lecture by Prof. F. E. Blanchard	Basketball Game Star of the Sea vs. St. Rose	Program by German Class	Senior Picnic
MAY			
Music Week	Senior Tea	Senior Formal	Graduation

Sports

WHERE is the maid of yesterday
Who was always so shy and sweet,
Who never, never romped in play
Or tried to be an athlete?

Ah! she is gone and in her place
Is the girl of today who delights in sports;
Who in tennis and swimming displays her grace
And romps with glee on the basketball courts.

DOROTHY PROST.

MARGARET CASASSA
HELEN SULLIVAN
MARIE SPEZIA
MARGARET MARSH
DOROTHY CALLAGHAN
MARY MERSCHEN
VIRGINIA FOX

Basketball

BASKETBALL is the core of our athletic program. We have a good coach. We have a good team. We have fine school spirit. What more could anyone ask? With these assets we can beat and have beaten worthy adversaries. Our team has gone far with the school behind it and has set a new goal for future years. We have met two strong teams, St. Vincent's and Miss Burke's, in exciting contests and emerged the victor. Our measure has been taken twice by a faster and cleverer team, but there is no shame in defeat. Our girls fought stubbornly against overwhelming odds.

The members of the Student Body take this opportunity to express to the members of the School Team deep appreciation of their ceaseless efforts in the field of basketball. They realize, too, that it is to Mr. Burke's untiring efforts and whole-hearted interest at all times that most of the success of this year's sport season is due.

MR. EDWARD BURKE
Coach

Mary Merschen Margaret Marsh	Forwards	Virginia Fox Dorothy Callaghan	Centers
Neva Longatti (C) Helen Sullivan	Guards	Marie Spezia Margaret Casassa	Centers

NEVA LONGATTI
Captain

School Team

THE school team, composed practically of new members, is living up to past records and setting new standards of accomplishment. The members are from the senior and junior classes and each class is proud of having four players on the team.

The coach, Mr. Burke, and Captain Neva Longatti have enjoyed hearty cooperation and excellent teamwork during the year.

Margaret Marsh and Mary Merschen are the swift forwards who have helped to raise the score in the critical parts of the games. Virginia Fox's speed and agility have greatly aided the team. Marie Spezia, Dorothy Callaghan and Margaret Casassa are truly commendable for their remarkable pass work. Captain Neva Longatti and Helen Sullivan have often saved the day by their alert guarding.

GRACE O'CONNOR FRANCES MILLS

Rooting Section

UNDER the management of Grace O'Connor and Frances Mills, yell leaders, an eager and interested rooting section has been formed this year.

The enthusiastic cheering of the girls during the various games has incited the school team to greater glory and in a measure has been an incentive for the many victories which it has achieved.

Many lively new yells and songs were added to the already numerous collection and various members of the Student Body helped a great deal by making suggestions from time to time.

At the first game of the season, St. Rose vs. St. Vincent's, Vallejo, Grace O'Connor and Frances Mills led the rooting section of one hundred, in songs and yells, but later in the term a special set of girls was selected and trained to perform difficult stunts and sing other songs which added greatly to the interest of all those attending the games.

VOLLEY BALL

Games

St. Vincent's vs. St. Rose

OUR annual game with St. Vincent's of Vallejo is one to which we all look forward with great interest. This year again, St. Rose walked away with a complete victory—the score being 23 to 7. Our team played a brilliant floor game and the defense worked out equally well. Our opponents played a good game but seemed to be outdone in weight and speed.

Hearty cooperation was given by the Student Body. There were over one hundred in our rooting section. Probably the enthusiasm shown by the school enabled the team to accomplish this wonderful victory.

Star of the Sea vs. St. Rose

THE second game of the season was played with Star of the Sea High School on their court on March 8. This game did not turn out as successfully as our first did. Star of the Sea defeated us 26 to 8. This was a great disappointment to the school for we had had hopes of success. However, Star of the Sea is undoubtedly a faster, more competent team, and we congratulate them on their victory.

After the game the St. Rose players were the guests of Star of the Sea for refreshments. Monsignor P. J. Ryan presided and the girls all enjoyed and appreciated this part of the afternoon's program and the good fellowship which prevailed.

Miss Burke's vs. St. Rose

WE played our first game with Miss Burke's School on Thursday, March 14. It was a most interesting contest and many girls from both schools attended. From the start the score was close but the St. Rose team made a spurt that sent them on to victory. The final score was 21 to 18.

During the quarters and half we sang some of our songs which greatly added to the enthusiasm and cheered the team on to victory.

A vote of thanks should be extended to our swift forwards who raised the score with well aimed baskets, and also to the rest of the players whose hard work and loyal support won the game for us.

St. Rose vs. Star of the Sea

FOR weeks we had waited for that return game with Star of the Sea. Our Alma Mater had suffered once at their hands—we were determined such should not occur again.

The whistle blew! Two eager, well-trained teams took position on the court amid the cheers of the rooters.

The game started! With all their will and might our players passed, shot and guarded—but likewise did the opponents—so when at the end of the half we found ourselves in the lead with a score 3 to 2 we felt quite encouraged.

The third and fourth quarters were very hard and it was with much regret that we saw Star of the Sea—with their fine and tricky pass-work creeping ahead. At the end of the game the score was 10 to 5 in their favor.

Refreshments were then served to the girls on both teams. Though we had lost the game we showed good sportsmanship and we enjoyed this game as well as any we have played.

Inter-Class Games

INTER-CLASS games help to stimulate interest in basketball and to train the girls for positions on the School Team. Competition between the classes is lively.

Classes	Won by	Date
Seniors vs. Juniors	Seniors—10-5	October 5, 1928
Sophomores vs. Freshmen	Freshmen—17-10	October 19, 1928
Seniors vs. Freshmen	Seniors—27-10	October 26, 1928
Seniors vs. Juniors	Juniors—12-8	November 23, 1928
Juniors vs. Sophomores	Juniors—18-6	December 7, 1928
Juniors vs. Freshmen	Juniors—20-14	December 14, 1928
Seniors vs. Juniors	Juniors—13-12	April 12, 1929
Freshmen vs. Sophomores	Sophomores—15-14	April 19, 1929

THE SENIOR TEAM

SINCE its freshman year, the present senior class has shown great interest in basketball. In spite of the fact that they have at times been defeated during the four years, they have always returned to the field with new determination to win.

The captain, Marie Spezia, has helped to bring the team to its present standing. In the last year they have lost but one game—this to the Juniors, their closest rivals. The final game of the season was played between the two classes and after an exciting contest the Juniors won.

The players are:

Forwards—
Mary Merschen
Margaret Gibbons

Guards—
Neva Longatti
Consuelo Albedi

Centers—
Marie Spezia (C)
Michaela Driscoll
Margaret Casassa

BERNICE HOLMES
CONSUELO ALBEDI
MARY MERSCHEN
NEVA LONGATTI
MICHAELA DRISCOLL
MARGARET CASASSA
MARIE SPEZIA
MARGARET GIBBONS

JUNIOR CLASS TEAM
SOPHOMORE CLASS TEAM
FRESHMAN CLASS TEAM

The Junior Team

THE Juniors have had a successful team through their three years in high school and they are still continuing to gain honors for themselves.

Helen Sullivan holds the responsible position of captain this year and throughout the year she has aided the team to maintain the standard which they set for themselves at the beginning of the term. They, like the Seniors, have lost but one game.

The players are:

Forwards—
Margaret Marsh
Mary O'Looney

Guards—
Helen Sullivan (C)
Dorothy Callaghan

Centers—
Winifred Mullen
Virginia Fox
Catherine Lagan

The Sophomore Team

ALTHOUGH the Sophomores have been victors but once during the past year, they have worked hard, showing a fighting spirit and have made rapid progress. Their future also looks very promising for their constant practise cannot fail to bring great improvement to the team. Their captain, Katherine Casassa, has encouraged basketball in her class and she deserves great credit for her work.

The players are:

Forwards—
Anna MacMillan
Madeline Collins

Guards—
Frances Lemmelet
Frances Vest

Centers—
Patsy Nowland
Mary Sullivan
Corliss Nolan

The Freshman Team

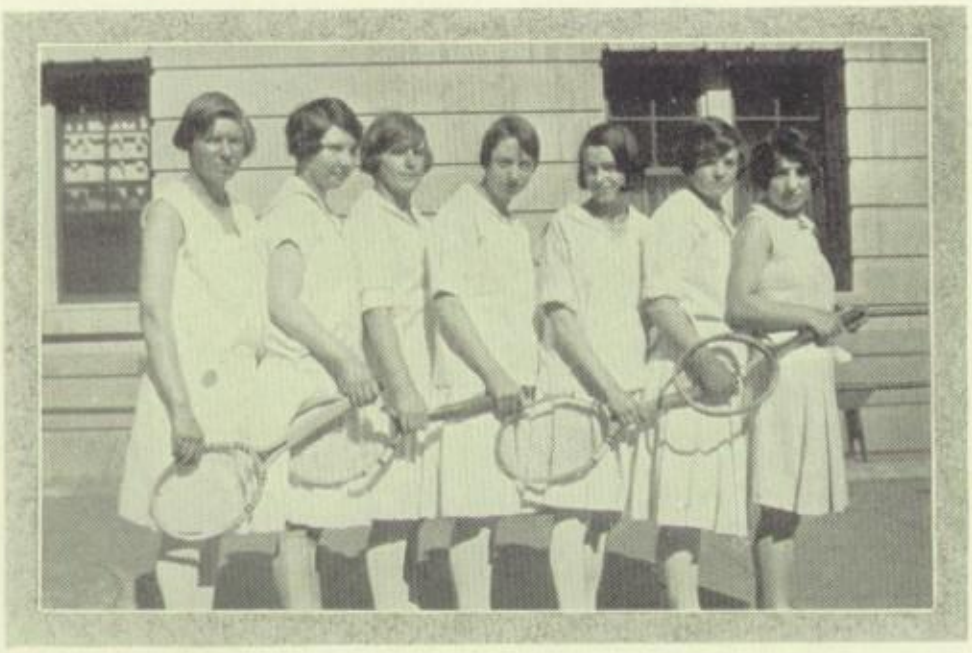
THE Freshmen are displaying great enthusiasm despite the fact that they have won but one game this year. The players have had a good foundation for their work and are eager and constant in their weekly practise. Good sportsmanship is a fine and necessary trait, and it was shown by both Sophomores and Freshmen whether or not they were victorious. Two Freshmen, Eleanor Buckley and Virginia Sullivan, have shown such marked ability that they have been placed on the school sub-team, an honor not often conferred on the Freshman class.

The players are:

Forwards—
Virginia Sullivan
Alberta Marsh
Eleanor Buckley

Guards—
Lorraine Fahs
Velma Humbert

Centers—
Josephine Ortner
Mary Esse
Martha Ward (C)



The Racquetiers

AN outstanding activity at St. Rose is the tennis club which bears the name "The Racquetiers." Any member of the Student Body who is interested in tennis may join in the activities of this club.

The Racquetiers rent a court at Hamilton Park every Wednesday and on that day a large number of girls take part in this interesting game. It was a source of disappointment to the members when it was discovered that Helen McKelvey would be unable to play in the future because of illness. The season ended with a number of tournaments which were a series of lively contests and in which the most talented girls took part.

The final tournament began with a series of eight games. The participants were by degrees eliminated until finally Mary Merschen and Anita Nasser were left to compete in the finals. This game excited great interest in the Student Body and a large percentage of the girls turned out to witness the deciding contest. Both played a very good game but in the end Mary Merschen defeated Anita Nasser by a score of 5-7, 6-4, 6-2.

At the last Student Body meeting of the year Consuelo Albedi, the president of the club, presented Mary Merschen with a silver cup as a reward for her efforts. Consuelo also took the opportunity of thanking the members of the club for the cooperation which they had given her during the term.

MARY MERSCHEN

Riding

ONE of the newer diversions recently taken up by a group of girls at St. Rose is horseback riding. Any fine day these girls may be seen cantering along the many scenic bridle paths of Golden Gate Park.

Although the group is at present small it has undoubtedly formed the nucleus for a riding club next year. Much enthusiasm has been aroused and plans are being made for many enjoyable riding parties during the summer months.

Mr. Sullivan, of the California Riding School, has been the riding master for the group and under his able direction the girls have progressed rapidly.

The Swimming Club

THE Swimming Club, under the management of Neva Longatti, has become an outstanding feature in the athletic pursuits of St. Rose Academy this year.

Interest in this club increases daily, for the membership has risen from approximately ten during the previous term to a present total of eighty-six.

On Thursday of each week, many of the members indulge in a delightful plunge at Sutro Baths. Those unable to swim are given private instructions. Here Neva also offers her services.

At the conclusion of the last semester various races were held by the members, climaxed by an exciting relay race, in which teams of six from each class participated. The winning team received a beautiful silver cup. The winners of the other races were the recipients of appropriate medals.

It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm shown in this club will be lasting and will enable it to continue to make such great strides as it has done in the past three years.

Humor

BEHIND her dainty finger tips
She faintly whispers phrases;
She smiles, she dimples prettily,
And lovely eyebrows raises.
Thus a "joke" begins its life
And thus another quip
Has started on its journey far,
Sped on from lip to lip.

CATHERINE PARKINSON.

Tragedy

For three long days they stood there,
And gazed with unseeing eyes;
No ardent look passed between them
There arose no gusty sighs.

Her heart beat not with excitement,
To her no court he paid;
For he was a Plaster of Paris,
And she was a Marble Maid.

CATHERINE PARKINSON.

Helen Sullivan:—Sister, Sister, have you heard from St. Charles?
Sister:—Child, do you know what you are talking about?
Helen:—Saint Charles' School, I mean, Sister.

?—— tells us that the Hierarchy of the Church is the vestments, Smart Girl!

At our Senior Dance some boy was heard to remark: "I don't mind rings on my fingers, but I don't like 'belles' on my toes."

When Rosaria was taking the Xmas toys to the orphans she must have been going pretty fast as a traffic officer asked her:

"Young lady, do you know anything about the traffic laws of this city?" to which Rosaria responded, "Yes, a little. Can I help you?"

In Sister F.'s Room:—"Don't scratch your pen on that desk—use your head."

Farmer:—What are you doing up in my apple tree?
Corliss Nolan:—Believe it or not, mister, I just fell out of an aeroplane.

In English Class:—
Sister:—Give me a sentence with the word "sanctuary" in it.
Ann Hurabielle:—Sanctuary much for the good mark this month.

A scientist recently asked, "What use is the head without brains?" to which Lenore Arias replied: "It serves to keep the ears apart, anyway."

"Imagination Test"

Imagine the auditorium being crowded after Sister announced that it wasn't obligatory for the girls to attend the lecture which would be held after school.

Imagine the embarrassment in the Latin Class the day Mary Lins didn't remember a rule.

Imagine Sister's surprise the day Mr. Berger didn't have a tardy list for her.

Imagine the intense disillusionment the day Margaret Gibbons didn't know who was absent.

Imagine Elizabeth Henne not knowing the memory passage in German.

Imagine Sister's delight the day all the girls in the Spanish room knew the page.

Imagine how the college professor who was out after butterflies felt when little Mary O'Looney asked: "Are you the dog catcher?"

Graduate:—Will you pay me what I'm worth?
Employer:—I'll do more than that, I'll give you a small salary to start with.

One day in Chemistry the lesson was on potash. Immediately a hand was raised which denoted that one bright child had information to impart. (?) asserted she knew all about potash. They used it in her own home. Yes, Mother even used it as a cake frosting!!! Sister was very much surprised as that was the first time she ever heard of potash being used for a cake frosting.

The next day very much abashed, (?) said meekly: Sister, please, I meant pistache.

First Freshman:—"My sister graduated with a hundred and three degrees."
Second Freshman:—"Is that possible?"
First Freshman:—"Yes. She worked herself up into a fever on commencement day."

Barber:—Is there any particular way you'd like your hair cut?
Freshman:—Yeah. Off.

Agony

Haunting, staring into my soul,
As slowly sleep came to me,
Moving, passing from this earth,
Nothing but darkness could I see.

What a feeling—to know one is dead!
Things were black all around me.
What would next happen then entered my head,
All this my untold misery.

Trying to move was all in vain,
Firmly was I held down fast
By some unseen power,
All I knew—"This could not last!"

What's this? A vision do I see?
Now the light is coming, no doubt,
I shuddered as I opened my eyes,
At last my tooth was out!!!

Dorthy Prost (in an argument):—Any dumbell can see that!
Georgia Alegretti:—Well, that's where you have the advantage over me.

Virginia Sullivan was sent to the drug store.
She asked:—Druggist, can you fix up a dose of castor oil so that it will not taste?
Druggist:—Certainly, if you will wait a few minutes I will fix it. Will you have a drink of soda while you are waiting?
Druggist disappears behind the partition to reappear a few minutes later. "Is that all you require?"
Virginia:—Yes, thank you. Is it ready?
Druggist:—You've just drank it.
Virginia:—Gracious, that was for mother.

Sister:—So you don't know what a sonnet is, or an ode, or a ballad?
Ellen Geide:—No, Sister.
Sister:—Well, then, do you know what a madrigal is like?
Ellen:—I don't know what a rigal is like, let alone a mad one.

We know of some freshmen who hung around an oil station all day because they saw a sign, "FREE AIR."

Roads

When Cæsar built his Roman roads,
From ancient Gaul to Greece,
He never dream't of traffic "cops,"
In piping times of peace.

But now we've roads that wind and climb,
And roads by sea and river,
But where, oh where! is the road that's free
From the rattle of the "flivver"?

In hill and glen and spreading vale
And lonely mountain pass,
The fragrant air of other days
Has vanished in the "gas".

CATHERINE LAGAN.

There is nothing so unsatisfactory as to announce that you have a secret which no inducement can prevail upon you to reveal and then have no one coax you to break your resolution.

It takes a Scotchman to turn a corner on two wheels.

At the beginning of this term Eleanor Collins went to O'Connor & Moffat's and said to the saleslady: "I would like to see a uniform to fit me, please."

Saleslady:—So would I.

It was the seventh birthday of little cousin Bevy,
The birthday cake they brought her was indeed a cake most heavy.
But the guests were all delighted and the cake was quite alright
'Cause of course it was the candles that were on it made it light.

RUBY LAYNE.

There's the one about the Scotchman who died and left a million dollars to the mother of the Unknown Soldier.

Gertrude:—What are you going to do with your uniform?
Annette:—I don't know. I hadn't thought about it.
Gertrude:—Why don't you give it to the Salvation Army?
Annette:—Wouldn't fit 'em.

He was tall and straight as the tallest pine
And big as men of old.
And he carried himself with the high proud air
Of a heart that's true as gold.

With eyes of blue and hair like gold,
A handsome lad was he.
He'd a smile like the sun and a voice like a song.
Tears fill my eyes now for he's gone—gone—gone.

I still hear the echo of his happy "goodbye,"
But remember his motto and rule,
For he'll come back, oh I know he will,
This plumber's gone home for his tools.

WINIFRED MULLIN.

A gentleman entered a drug store and asked with a questioning air:
"My dear kind sir may I ask you, have you anything for gray hair?"
Whereupon the Druggist answered with a dignity select,
"No, my friend, nothing at all but the greatest of respect."

RUBY LAYNE.

Macbeth:—"Make haste, old women, make haste."

The Three Witches:—"All right, Mac, all right; we'll bewitch'a in a minute."

CHUMS

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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Classes are held four evenings a week (Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday) from 7:30 to 9:30.

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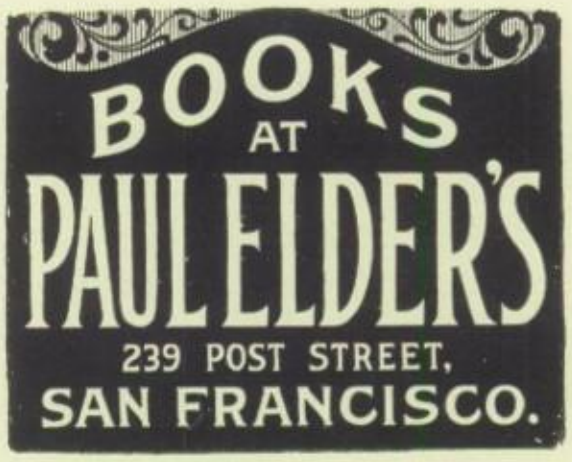

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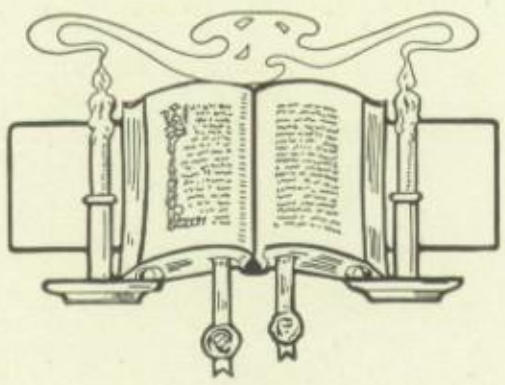

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